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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIV No. 1877 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JAN. 11 1936

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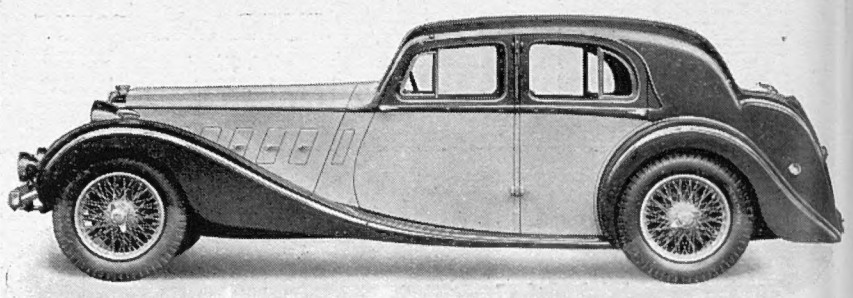

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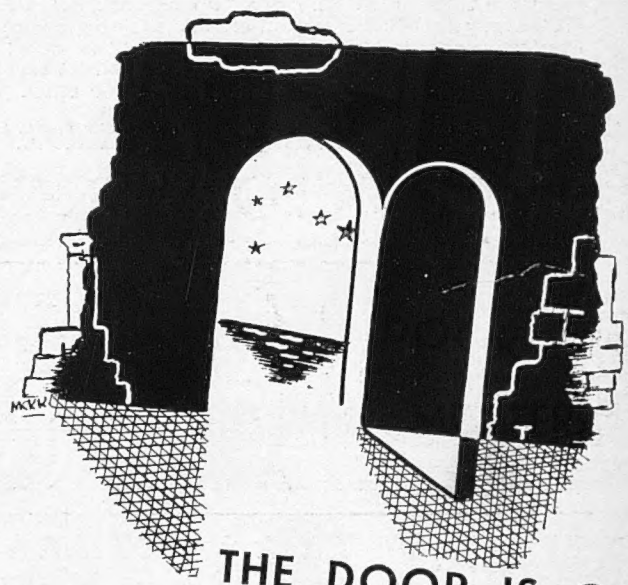

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 11, 1936

THREE CHEERS *for the* Rust, White, and Blue

The Union Jack, and indeed all other flags incorporating it such as the White Ensign depicted here, has suddenly become the subject of a heated controversy, following the discovery of the startling fact that the Fighting Services have agreed among themselves to abandon the dye produced from the cochineal in favour of a new type of red synthetic dye which, while possessing a greater resistance to weather conditions is not so brilliant in hue as its predecessor and, according to the standards of the British Colour Council, should really be described as "rust." Needless to say irate patriots and ardent writers to the Press have been stating their views in no uncertain fashion, many complaining of the purposelessness of this change, which they claim is not only an unforgivable departure from tradition, but fails to effect any great measure of economy, and, in addition, may easily lead to serious confusion of signals at sea. One critic, an expert on the subject, points out that there is absolutely no necessity for the use of "rust," as there are scores of excellent aniline dyes of the correct tone, which might have been employed

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

TAKING OVER: Miss H. F. Saunders (*right*), who was formerly matron of Southend General Hospital, making her first tour of the wards after being appointed matron of University College Hospital, London

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 8, 1936.

"THEIR BLUSHING HONOURS"—

The New Year Honours List contained more new peerage creations than was expected—four. Sir Arthur Benn, Sir Gomer Berry, Sir Thomas Catto, and Sir Ian Macpherson (late M.P. for Ross and Cromarty). These new Barons have been eminent in commerce, the newspaper world, and politics, not to mention their services to the Empire and to voluntary hospitals. (One or two recent creations have been made in favour of men without any pre-eminence at all.) Lords Trenchard and Hanworth each gained a step in the peerage. Sir Philip Chetwode received the highest honour that merit can command; the women's movement was crowned with a D.B.E. for Miss Pankhurst (and surely her fighting qualities, which we did not always appreciate, deserve no less); and Dr. Dover Wilson, the only Companion of Honour, passes on to Shakespeare a tardy recognition from his country. The lesser men and women, who silently drive along the machine of Empire (whom largely these Honours Lists are designed to encourage and recognise) are not forgotten. A day may come when we shall regard the creation of new peerages solely as a means to a single end, and consequently the raising of existing peers to higher grades as unnecessary except for very special reasons. But, while men and women continue to value the distinction of bits of ribbon, we should persist in recognising in this way the unadvertised services of humbler workers throughout the Empire. A pat on the back is the best stimulus to further effort.

THE NEW ROYAL GRANDCHILD: A recent picture of baby Prince Edward, son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who is exactly three months old

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

— Half moral platitudes, half party strategy, Mr. Roosevelt addressed the world for an eagerly-awaited hour last week. What he said boils down small to all the anxious hangers-on to his words who hoped to find in them a clear exposition of America's constructive policy in the troubles of Europe. He did indeed say gravely that both in Europe and Asia peace and goodwill had grown more remote (and that is a platitude), and that a point had been reached when the people of America must take note of it, must realise the growth of international hatred, of intensified bitterness, of increasing armaments, of, in short, the approach once more to conditions preceding world-war. He told how the peoples of civilisation were still, as of old, blindly led, muzzled and inarticulate, by autocrats along paths which can lead only to war. Platitudes, but seriously expressed. How was he prepared to stem the Gadarene rush? Would he curtail the godsent opportunity for improving home trade in war supplies? He declared, not quite so frankly, that America "declined to encourage war by permitting belligerents to obtain arms or implements of war from the United States." But still America will ship to the belligerents all implements of war, including oil, to the point of "normal" export in time of peace. And who is going to adjudge this or that little ship load of fuel as an abnormal delivery? I do not say that the President has not made an advance. Italy at least considered his words brought the Oil Sanction nearer. The President said a mouthful of didactic morality, but it was a mouthful of soufflé in the hungry mouths of thousands who looked to a more vigorous lead from that great country which preaches peace. Perhaps it will all work out better with the help of Congress. Meanwhile . . . .

AFTER ETHIOPIA — ENGLAND.—

One of the gloomiest features of post-war dictatorship is that it so soon kills the national sense of humour. We in England should be ungrateful if we under-rated the incalculable boon of maintaining in troublous times a national sense of humour. Germany has lost whatever she had in that line. Italy, once famous for it, has lost hers also. All examples of petty spite against foreign critics of national policy, of placarded national boasts, of banning the literature and music of "enemy" countries, and so forth, are examples of the scrapping of the national sense of humour, which is of course an item in your Dictator's policy of forming, narrowing, and concentrating public opinion in a wholly national groove. In due course public opinion in Dictator-ridden countries is but the echo of the Dictator's mind. If then your Dictator is a man of no outstanding intellect, of narrow view, and moderate education, public opinion in his country must sooner or later reach a lamentable common level. And so it is not surprising that the parrot-cries from Germany and Italy often strike us as puerile and unworthy of great nations, mere echoes of inaccuracies, mere vapouring of balderdash. An

American correspondent in Italy not long back gave his gleanings from public opinion in Italy to the American paper *The Nation*. From it I rescue these sentences: "Almost every Italian to the plainest man in the street is convinced that the British Empire is either collapsing or already dead, and that it will take only a strong will on Italy's part to inherit its greatness." And, "How widespread is the belief that England is already dead is illustrated by the bombastic and insulting banners which the Italian soldiers carried at their parade in Milan after the recent manœuvres. 'England, your fleet and army are old and weak; our fleet and submarines and airplanes are new and strong and our army is young,' read one; and there were dozens of similar inscriptions. A Roman lawyer told me in all seriousness that Italy could fight England because Marconi had invented a weapon which would sink at a moment's notice the whole British Fleet! Starting from this conviction, Mussolini's Imperial plans are quite simple; he expects to use the Italian colonies as sources of man-power for the conquest of British Africa. . . ." And so on, and so forth. Even assuming that 20 per cent. of grown Italians think on these lines, we have reason to agree

that a Dictator of no outstanding intellect can soon play havoc with a nation's sense and sense of humour; while a mad one can make Bedlam of civilisation. Dictators, then, are on the whole "a bad thing." One of them to-day is not so certain as he was that his mission is ordained by Heaven and under Heaven's protection. That, perhaps, is a "good thing." Mussolini's pillow must indeed be the loose-box of the Night-mare. His madness costs us much money.

THE FLOODS.—The hospitality of Queen's College, in whose beautiful hall I attended the New Year's Day "Needle and Thread" Dinner, took me last week to Oxford, and I made my journey by road to survey the flood areas of the Thames Valley. It was a sight worth seeing. Floods more than any other assault of Nature change the whole face of familiar country. For example, it was worth climbing Duncton Hill to see Sussex as it may once have been before history, with its inland seas and curved peninsulas. And so too with the low-lying meadow land between Twyford and Henley, between Windsor and Slough, and round Marlow and Maidenhead. These familiar haunts became as foreign country; on the whole a melancholy scene and no great tribute to British foresight, Government direction, or a common National purpose. Why? Because much of the damage is avoidable. What the Thames Conservators have done, those who control tributaries could have done also. Because, hundreds of those inundated card-houses have only been built in recent years, built in areas which must inevitably, three times at least in every decade, lie several feet under water. No authority steps in to forbid such flood-area building; no central authority has insisted on a common campaign to cure the miseries to which the Thames and other valleys are liable. It is "go-as-you-please," as it was 200 years ago. These floods leave, at this time of year especially, their inevitable legacy of 'flu, pneumonia, and all forms of rheumatic trouble, not to mention the risks attendant on disorganised drainage systems. The floods subside, the heavy bill is paid in health and money and—the lesson is forgotten. Looking at Eton—which I admit was set down in a swamp in days when watercourses were the only sure means of transport—I felt strongly that I should be very unwilling to pay even higher fees to have a son educated there. A more unwholesome spot for little boys (absurdly clad in antiquated garments fit only for a fancy dress ball in a centrally-heated palace) I never looked on. And soon the boys will return to the aftermath of the floods. What an odd race we are! Considering our high place among the nations of civilisation, I can only judge that our civilisation is absurdly over-rated.

R. K.—Mr. Kipling kept last week his seventieth birthday. He has been an immortal so long that his length of years surprises me by its moderation. Man's "allotted span" being about eighty-five nowadays, we may happily regard him as a comparatively young man. It was just about fifty years ago that the young reporter on an Indian newspaper published his *Departmental Ditties*. Max Beerbohm included him tellingly in his series of "Old and Young Selves." He depicted the crowned prophet of Empire viewing with distaste the keen young reporter with pen behind the ear rushing in with a gabbled "Have you heard the latest about Mrs. Hawksbee?" Mr. Kipling has not written much lately. He studies men and beasts at Burwash in notable seclusion, and does not care so much for modern inventions now. He refused to broadcast for America, though America has paid him £350,000 (they say) for his writings. Once he was held up by some to execration as our most unconscionable Jingo. In which connection, it may be added by the same critics, he is a first-cousin of Mr. Baldwin, and has some influence over him. But most of England labels him as the revered prophet of Empire, and all schoolmasters and many others admire and love his books, and scores of healthy Christians shave daily before a copy of his verses, *If*. I do not. I never feel very strenuous at that hour of the day, and the rules of *If* are all beyond my powers. I admit I am not a great Kiplingite, but I put *Puck o' Pook's Hill* among the first twenty books in the language.

A DEAD SET.—Those to whom the name of MacDonald is still (and quite unreasonably) a red rag, are determined not to smooth the return-path of father and son to the House. Both of them are certain of opposition, albeit the efforts to find opposition candidates has been far from easy. In the Scottish Universities by-election, which will be decided first, Mr. MacDonald, senior, was first to be opposed by Professor Gibb as Scottish National and Dr. Mavor (alias James Bridie) as non-party candidate. The latter withdrew and his supporters then fastened on Professor J. J. Charteris of St. Andrew's University. He toyed with the offer as did, in the Liberal interest, Miss Melville of Queen Margaret's, Glasgow. Then there is in the offing Mr. Scott, a lawyer, and Independent Liberal. The division of forces should help Mr. MacDonald's cause. Of course, the words he unfortunately used four years ago in supporting a Bill which sought to curtail University representation have been unearthed and used against him. If correctly quoted, he spoke unequivocally, and his meaning was most rarely clear. He declared that of all interests the Universities least required special representation in Parliament. Which, apart from its context, was an unfortunate declaration, since Ministers, unlike human beings, must be unremittingly consistent. If only they could be born dumb, how far they would go! As for Ross and Cromarty, Mr. MacDonald, junior, and his opponents sat long on the fence. I don't blame them. This by-election will be longer drawn-out. The constituency is immense, the voters few and very far between on tricky roads, across bleak moors. Dingwall, too, is a dullish little town even in September. In February it can be dour and dreary indeed. A dreadful setting for a political campaign on issues stale to a bored or very critical electorate. A strong Labour opponent has at last been found in Mr. Hector McNeil, who so nearly did Mr. Elliot down at Kelvingrove. Mr. Randolph Churchill was approached by the Conservatives, who would not support Mr. MacDonald, and toyed with the idea in Morocco. But it is a far cry to Westminster via Ross and Cromarty even for a Churchill, and even now he may submit it to the will of the central office and remain Morocco-bound. Nowadays, as I said before, voters will not stomach any hint of "arranged" by-elections or of candidates recommended over the heads of the local associations because the Government has need of them in Parliament. And I am bound to say, since no minister is indispensable, I don't blame them.

POPULARISING COAL FOR HOUSEHOLD USE.—For many years the price of household coal has been so high that the ingenuity of science has turned to devising means to avoid its use in large quantities. In these circumstances the latest expedient to persuade the householder to help to give the miners their adequate wage is unlikely to benefit the industry in the long run. To obtain decently hard kitchen coal for grate burning, one was forced in the South of England to pay 45s. a ton for cellar delivery. Now we are invited to pay up to 50s. a ton. Is it likely that we shall respond cheerfully? With the best will in the world towards the mine-workers, it is a thing our purses cannot compass.

THE OLD STAGER

MINE HOSTESS: Miss Ishbel MacDonald, daughter of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, pictured with the oldest inhabitant of Speen and with Mr. Child, the previous landlord, outside the Plow Inn, a delightful Buckinghamshire hostelry which she has bought in order to provide employment for old servants of the family. Throughout last week-end the place did a roaring trade

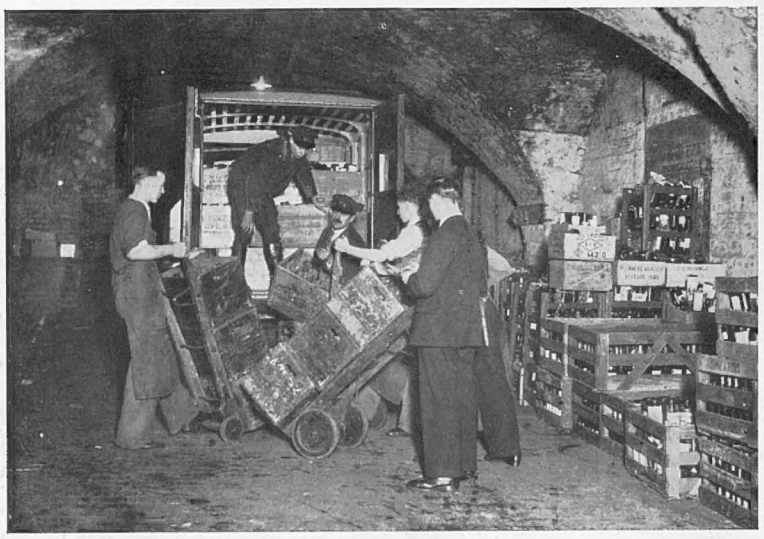
AMONG THE YOUNG ENTRY: Mr. E. W. Bryant with his little daughter, Ena, at the recent children's meet of the Chiddingfold Hounds at the Kennels, not far from Godalming

THE WEEK AT HOME

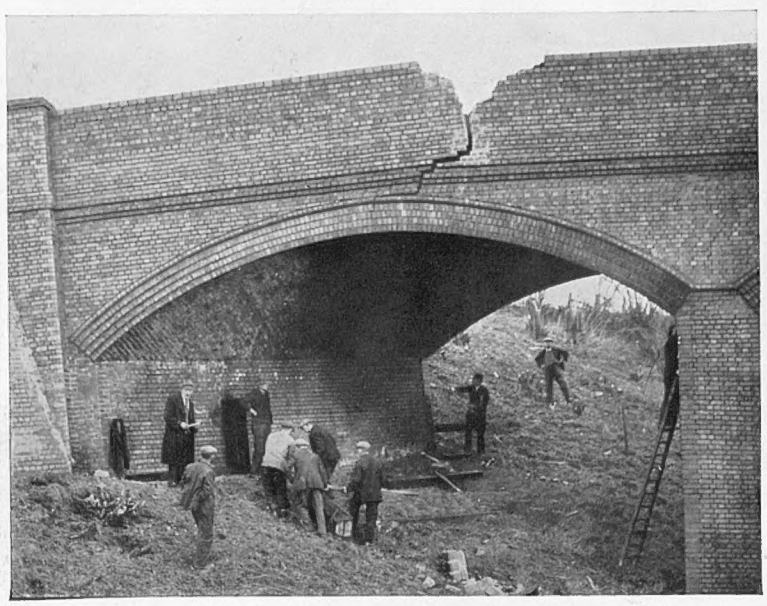
HUNTING ROMANCE: Miss Ulrica Thynne, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ulric Thynne, and Mr. G. A. Murray Smith, of the Horse Guards, whose engagement has just been announced. Both of them are keen riders to hounds

A BARGAIN PRICE: People lining the promenade above the cliffs at Falmouth when the 115-to French auxiliary schooner *Loustic B. Sibourne* was put up for auction and sold for the sma sum of £25. The vessel was driven ashore on Christmas morning while on the way fro Quimper, France, to Cardiff, and her captain and crew of four had extremely narrow escape

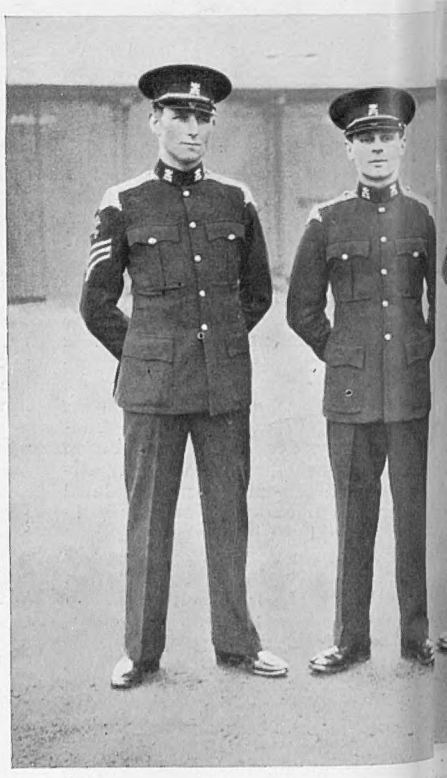
THE SEINE IN DANGEROUS MOOD: The Quai de la Tournelle, Paris, flooded as a result the rising of the river to a record level—a state of affairs resulting from several days almost continuous rain. Elsewhere in France conditions have been very much the sa



CELLARS PAR EXCELLENCE: Some of the 3,000,000 bottles of wine which have been housed beneath the Adelphi Arches, Strand, and are now being moved elsewhere, as at the end of March work is to be begun on the demolition of Adelphi Terrace in order to make way for new blocks of flats

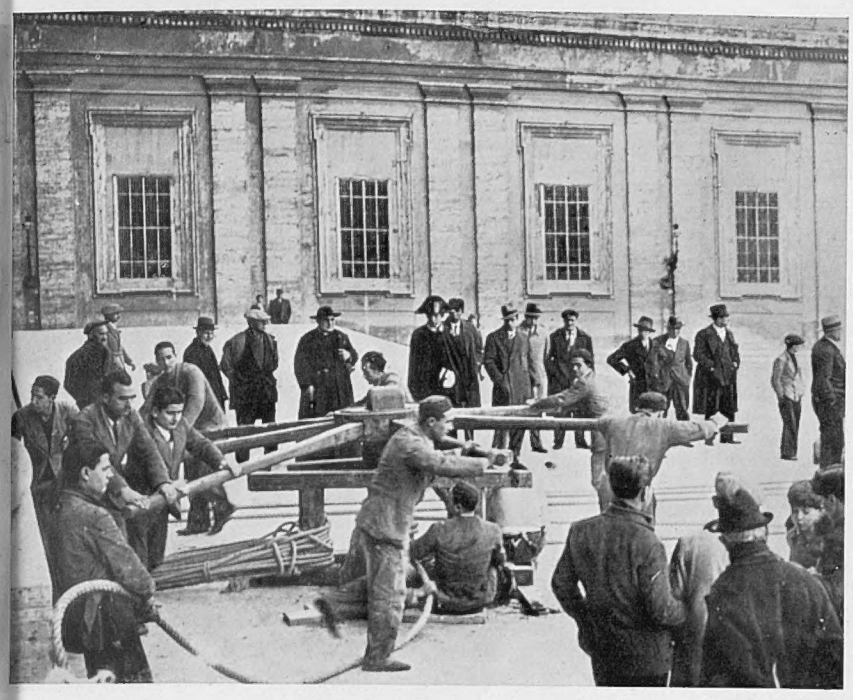


A FAMILY AFFAIR: Lord Weymouth, heir of the Marquess of Bath, and his daughter, Caroline, as they appeared in *The Longleat Follies*, a Christmas production which they presented recently in aid of charity at Horningsham Village Hall, Wiltshire. Lady Weymouth and other members of the family also had parts. *On left*—Railwaymen preparing to shore up the bridge over the main line near Patney, Wilts, which was in imminent danger of collapse

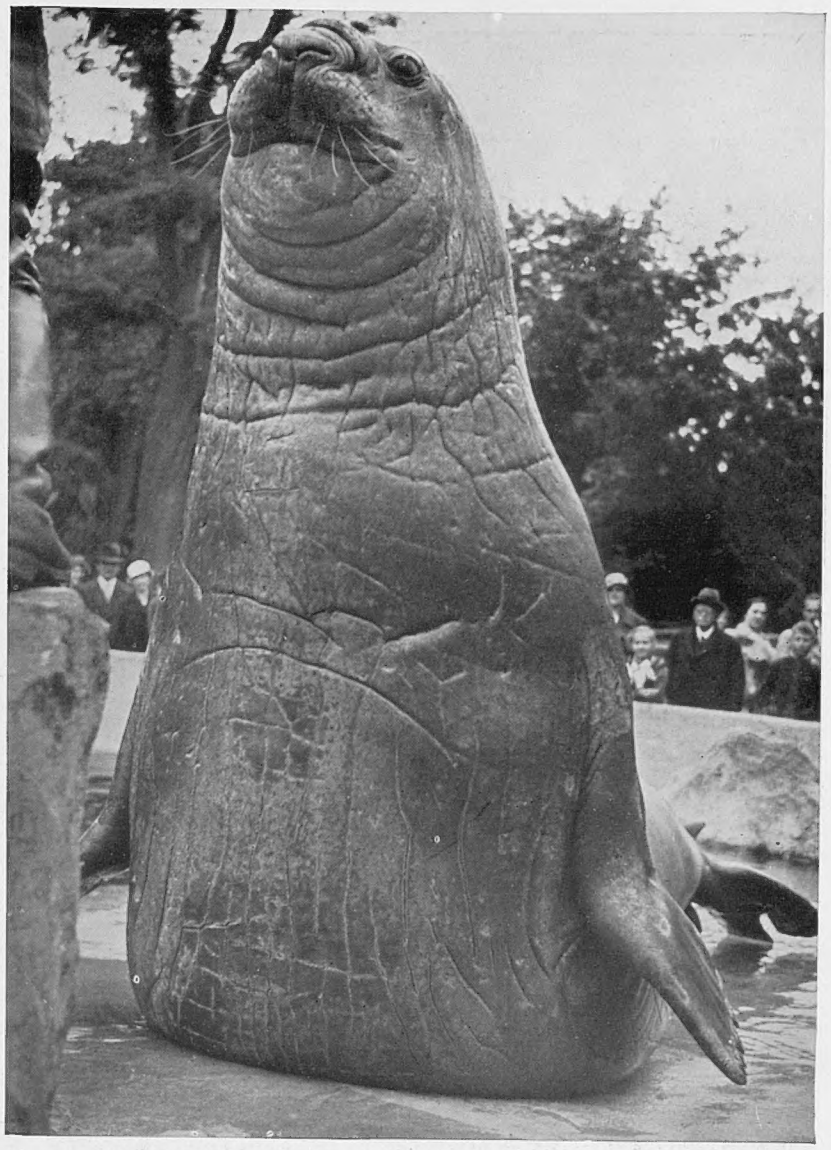


FASHION CHANGES IN THE ARMY: Men o and in the smart blue uniform (*left*) w mitted to wear when off duty and on l valuable as recruiting propag

AND ABROAD: A Pictorial News Survey



A GREAT CHURCHMAN HONOURED: Young priests working on the capstan which they used for drawing into position the large marble statue of St. Giovanni Bosco, which is now being erected at St. Peter's, Rome. St. Giovanni, it may be remembered, was the founder of the Society of St. Francis of Sales in Turin over seventy years ago



VICTIM OF INJUDICIOUS FEEDING: Roland, the famous sea-elephant at Berlin Zoological Gardens, who has died as a result, it is thought, of consuming too many of the inedible objects thrown into his enclosure by the public. He was a great character and had unusual intelligence. His weight was just under 380 stones

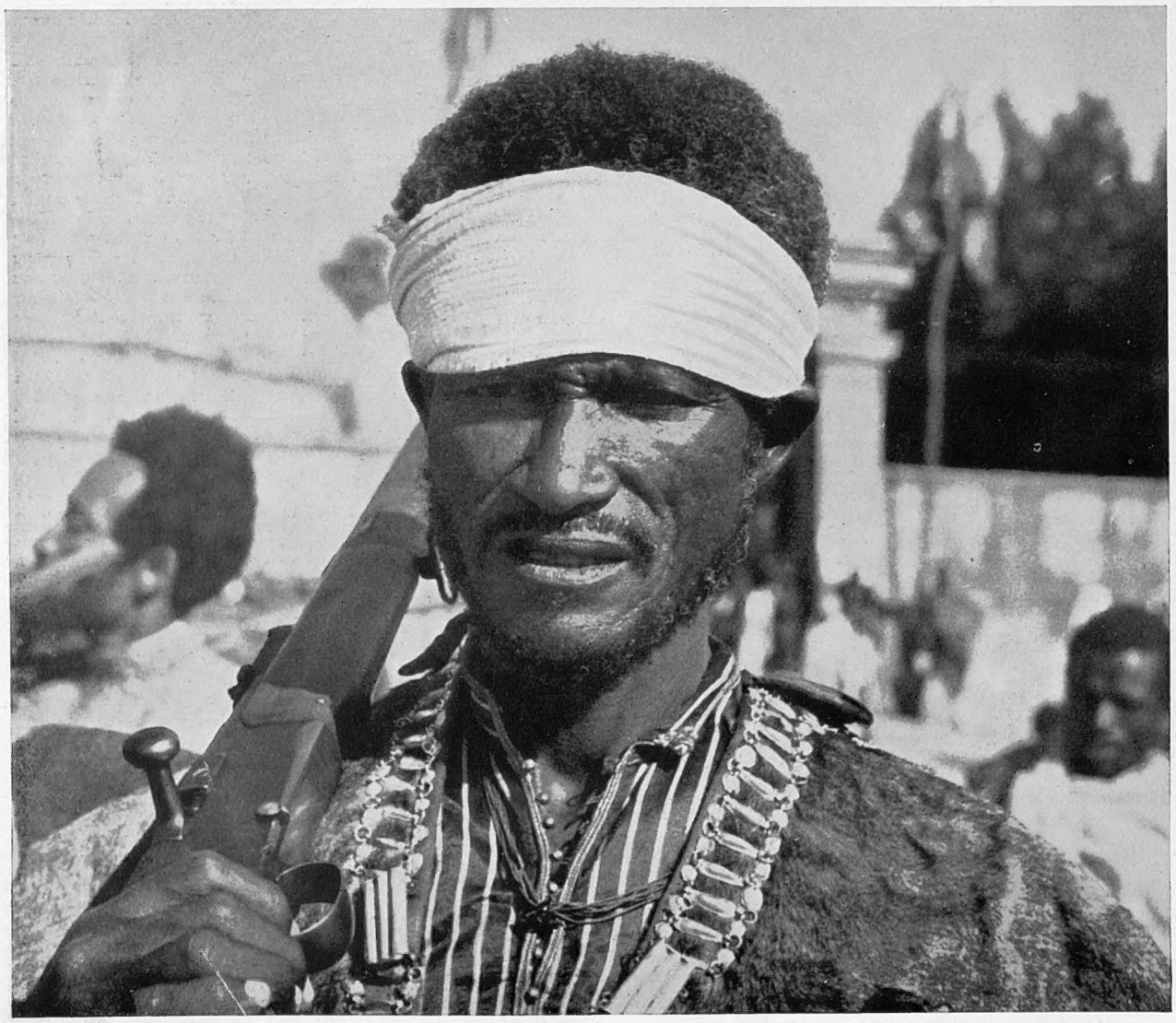
A HURRICANE IN THE WEST COUNTRY: A motor launch being dashed against the quay at Penzance when the town was involved in one of the worst gales of this winter. The boat was flooded and sank without anybody being able to render aid

LOST IN THE MEDITERRANEAN AIR DISASTER; Mrs. Ursula Horsman, of Frinton-on-Sea who is pictured here with three of her four children, lost her life when the Imperial Airways flying boat *City of Khartoum* plunged into the sea near Alexandria last week. She was on the way out to join her husband in Cawnpore

3rd Carabiniers in ordinary service kit (*right*) under the new regulations, they are now per- It is believed that this innovation will be attracting young men to the service

THE HERO OF THE HOUR: Prince Obolensky (*right*) whose two dramatic tries for England were a decisive factor in the defeat of the New Zealanders at Twickenham last Saturday. He is pictured here at the reception held at the Hotel Metropole after the match. *On right*—Heritte, one of the high wire bicycle equilibrists at the Olympia Circus, who fainted at the end of her act but was saved from falling by one of her brothers

HAILE SELASSIE AT DESSIE: His Majesty, accompanied by two American doctors (*left*) and followed by his younger son, Prince Makonnen, Duke of Harrar, paying a visit of inspection to a Red Cross Camp; a picture taken shortly before the air raid on the city when the Emperor had a very narrow escape, a bomb exploding only 20 yards away from him as he was walking through the garden of his headquarters, the old Italian Consulate. This week it was reported that the "little rains," had begun, and had prevented the Royal party from carrying out a tour of other sections of the front



THE PANOPLY OF WAR: A striking study of an Ethiopian warrior in battle array. He had been wounded during a skirmish, but made light of his injuries, and, like the vast majority of his countrymen, was eager to get to grips with the invaders again

AFTER THE RAID: A hut on fire followi five persons were seriously and twen were reported to have used high

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS HOSPITA building enshrouded in smoke after fo in the vicinity, completely destroy wards, and setting alight a motor

NEWS FROM ADDIS ABABA AND DESSIE

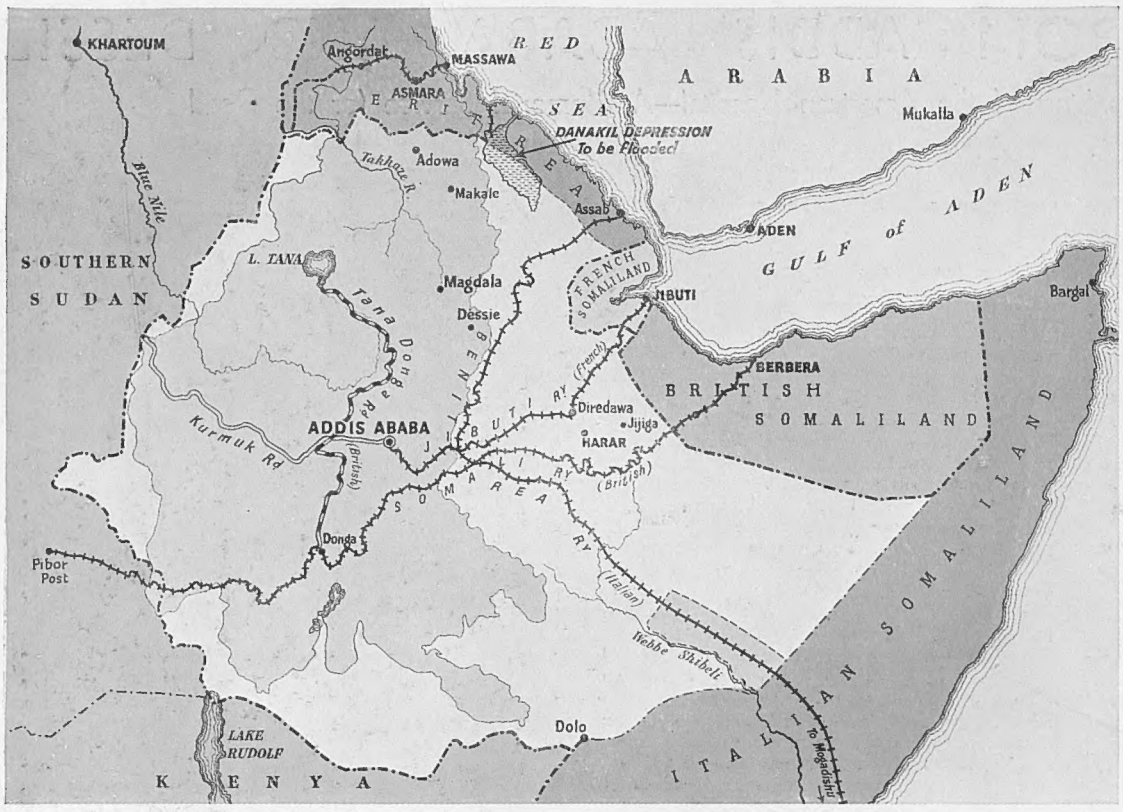
The Bombing of the American Hospital—A Memorial Service for the Dead

LOYAL ADDRESS: Makonnen Andargatchu, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the south-western province of Gore, reading a speech when he reached Addis Ababa at the head of his men and pledged himself to the service of his country. On arriving in the capital his troops were naturally somewhat ill-equipped, but during their stay new rifles were provided, and faulty weapons were mended at the Palace Arms Depot. The detachment afterwards left for the front to join the ever-growing defence force commanded by Ras Segoum

the bombing of Dessie, where slightly wounded. The Italians plosive aerial torpedoes

The corrugated iron-roofed bombs had been dropped the instrument room and two bulance and a surgical tent

IN MEMORY OF THE FALLEN: The Emperor attending the service held at Dessie for the men killed in the air raid. Standing behind His Majesty is the thirteen-year-old Duke of Harar, who is now regarded as the heir to the throne on account of his elder brother's opposition to reforms



THE COMMERCIAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE BLACK EMPIRE: This map has been prepared to show possible routes for the railways suggested by the author of the accompanying article. The Italian line runs roughly north and south; the British, east and west. The proposed road connecting with Lake Tana—a point of vital interest to the Sudan—is indicated running south to Donga

Three Railways Through Ethiopia

An Engineer's Proposals for a Possible Settlement of the Present Italo-Ethiopian Dispute

With his knowledge of the earlier treaties relating to Europe and Ethiopia and his intimate acquaintance with the railway possibilities of the country, Colonel S. L. Cra'ster is well qualified to make the proposals given below, and his suggested solution of the Italo-Ethiopian problem is one that should certainly command more than passing attention

THE situation between Abyssinia, Italy, and the Powers is so much in the air at the present moment that it seems desirable to gather any facts relating to the situation and to study any proposed solutions which may seem possible of application, or useful for discussion, as holding the germ of an agreed arrangement between the parties concerned. The various factors in the dispute are numerous and complex enough to make any visualisation of the ultimate or indeed immediate settlement well nigh impossible at the present time. Almost any situation may arise requiring a suitable solution. It is with these facts in mind that I, as an engineer, venture to put forward a proposal which might meet a given situation.

To a large extent it puts into practical form the proposals made in the Tripartite Treaty of 1906, upon which Italy places considerable reliance in many of her recent utterances, and it also has what I hope is the additional virtue of following the spirit of the proposals made by Italy in November 1919 and in the notes exchanged between ourselves and Italy in December 1925. I am fully aware that the Tripartite Treaty of 1906 was an agreement between three parties—Italy, France, and Great Britain with regard to a situation which *might* arise in connection with a fourth party—Abyssinia. But certain proposals were mutually agreed to by the three nations at that time and it is on these proposals that I have based the following suggested solution.

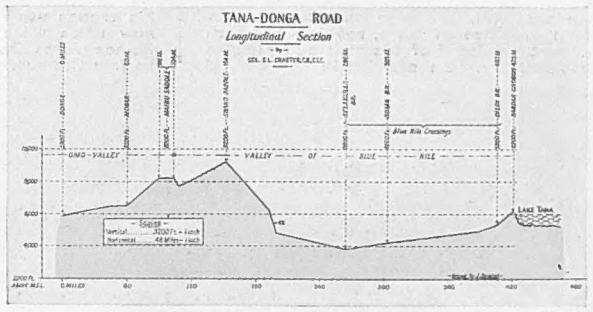
In brief, the proposal was that each nation should, while guaranteeing the independence of Abyssinia, construct a railway through a given portion of the Negus's territory. Italy was to construct a railway from Eritrea to Italian Somaliland, France was to complete the Jibouti Railway to Addis Ababa, and Great Britain was also to build a railway from British Somaliland to the Southern Sudan through Southern Abyssinia.

I take first the Italian railway which might also connect the Port of Mogadishu in Benadir with the Port of Assab in the south-east corner of Eritrea. The suggested track runs up the Valley of the Webi Shebele via Ferdalehwein, Golufa, Awash, Nak Fud, Bokurri, and so to Assab; a total length of 1,256 miles.

To provide Italy with an area suitable for cotton cultivation in the south-east of Ethiopian Somaliland, the railway has been made to run from the frontier of 1908 north-westward parallel to and some 30 miles north of the Webi Shebele. For a distance of 220 miles to the north of the railway I would allot a similar area 30 miles wide, thus earmarking for Italy a total area of 13,000 square miles, for which she would pay 1 Maria Theresa dollar rent per annum to Ethiopia.

This peppercorn rent introduces no new principle into negotiations between Italy and Ethiopia, for it is specifically mentioned in the Convention of 1930 (which concerned itself with the construction of a motor road between the towns of Dessie and Assab) in connection with the leasing, by Italy, of a plot of land to Ethiopia for a port and buildings at Assab.

The gauge of the Italian line would be 2 ft. 6 in., for the reason that it would allow the construction of a cheap "pioneer" line, which is easily workable, and because the gauge, being different from that of the Jibouti Railway, the interests of the two would not clash.



THE PROPOSED ROAD TO LAKE TANA: A sectional view showing how the highway would fluctuate in altitude between 3,800 ft. and 9,200 ft.

Then we come to the proposal of a British railway to connect Berbera and the Sudan (a railway of 2 ft. 6 in. gauge). It is plotted here as running from Berbera, roughly south-west to west. For the first 140 miles it follows the "trace," as the engineering world terms it, of the Berbera-Harar Railway, reconnoitred by myself in the summer of 1903. To take it through Harar would, under existing circumstances, possibly cause trouble with the French line. Therefore, from Hargeisa it is made to pass through the following places: Warroh, Bia Woraba, Changwa, to the west of the lakes, through Soddu, Tiffi, north of Maji, and so to Pibor Post in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, a length of 1,076 miles.

And then I come to a suggestion which I am vain enough to point out has never been made on any agreement, either governmental or civil. It is made in view of the fact that Ethiopia aspires to a port within her own territory. If the International Map of 1931 (scale 1–2,000,000) published by our War Office is consulted it will be seen that from the Red Sea Port of Meder in Eritrea (Lat. 14.45° N. Long. 40.45° E.) a canal, 12 miles long, could be cut through rock to fill the great depression which Nesbitt surveyed during his remarkable journey in 1928.

Thus a Danakil sea some 5,000 square miles in area could be formed, and an Ethiopian port built on the southern shore by that Government. The canal would accommodate ships of 26 ft. draft and its cost should not exceed £3,000,000. The Italian railway, complete with two ports, should cost £6,500,000. The British railway and harbour works at Berbera ought not to cost more than £4,500,000. The total therefore is £14,000,000, exclusive of the Tana road to which I also have to make reference.

I would add that the commercial prospects of the British railway are undoubtedly bright. I anticipate a return of not less than 4 per cent. per annum from the first.

Given good will and honesty of purpose on the part of the three Great Powers and Ethiopia, the following advantages emerge to each:—

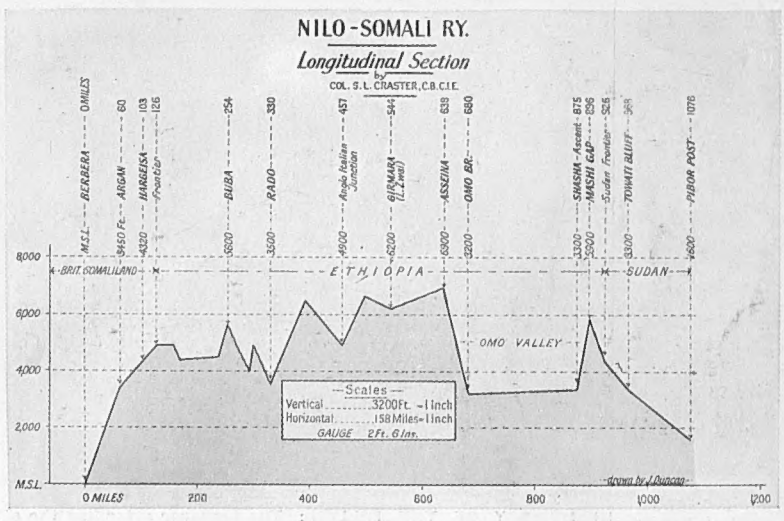
(1) Great Britain connects up the Protectorate of Somaliland with an important outpost in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, thus encouraging trade with a large part of Ethiopia. She herself has a line of access to Lake Tana, a point of vital interest to Egypt and the Sudan. The lake is 400 miles north of Soddu, a place already mentioned when tracing the line to the westward, and I contemplate a road from the British railway at a cost of approximately £1,000,000 sterling. This is not in the direction of the road proposed in 1919 and 1925, which was to run directly from the Sudan, but granted that a railway were constructed, the route marked on the map given here would be the easier way of conveying material to and from Lake Tana.

(2) *Italy:* Italian Somaliland and Eritrea have, on paper, been connected by railway for a reasonable sum. And the scheme provides Italy with cotton lands to develop at her leisure. The railway goes to the east and not to the west of Addis Ababa, but it follows the course of two main Ethiopian rivers, the Awash and the Webi Shebele. By the waters of both cotton might be cultivated. The "trace" has been taken through firstly, the fertile area immediately north of the present Italian Somaliland frontier, and thence through quite useful country, to Awash. From the viaduct it would turn northwards along the foot slopes of the plateau and would then follow the Awash river to the Sultanate of Aussa, the fertile area half way to the port of Assab. It is possible that this might prove another cotton-growing area.

(3) *France:* Her railway and commercial interests have been carefully safeguarded. She has at present an advantage over newcomers, but their advent cannot but increase the trade and consequent traffic accruing to her.

(4) *Ethiopia:* With the creation of the Danakil Sea, an ocean trade route is open to Ethiopia. She must find funds for the creation of the new port, which might well be called "Port Haile" in compliment to her ruler.

S. L. Cra'ster



UPS AND DOWNS OF A RAILROAD: A longitudinal section giving an idea of the various altitudes of the proposed line from the Sudan to British Somaliland

FOLLOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE ETHIOPIAN WAR: The Victor Emmanuele Gallery in Rome where a large-scale map has been installed to show members of the public the exact disposition of the troops. On the pillars are portraits of the King and Signor Mussolini. *Inset on right*—Sailors of the British cruiser fleet running through the village of Mex, nr. Alexandria, during the inter-ship marathon race for the Arbuthnot Trophy. The men of the *Devonshire* were the winners

AERIAL GUARDIANS OF LAW AND ORDER

A flight of two-seater Hawker aircraft near the Nile at Heliopolis, their Egyptian base

b

THE WELL-BELOVED: The late Queen of the Belgians who lived in Brussels for less than a decade and was on the throne for only eighteen months, and yet in that short time identified herself with the life of the country to a degree that was truly extraordinary

Astrid, the Unforgettable

The Ill-fated Queen Whom Belgium Continues to Mourn So Deeply

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHEN recently Queen Elena of Italy provided the spectacle attendant on the dropping of her own and her husband's wedding ring into the Duce's golden war crucible installed at the base of that unhappy Victor Emmanuele monument ("like a wedding cake gone wrong"), that was the first time one had heard from the Queen of Italy in many a long day. In fact (pursuing a train of thought) it would seem there are only two queens left in the world of whom one ever does hear. There never can have been a time when queenship was more absent from the lives of nations than it is to-day.

Before the war Europe possessed something like fifteen empresses or queens. There are now six, nor would their keenest courtiers claim for four of these ladies that they are more than unobtrusive, orthodox consorts of small tendency to loom in the national life or gladden its colour. Queen Elena has a crowned daughter in Sofia, and there are Their Majesties of Norway and Denmark, each moving quietly and democratically through their respective attenuated programmes. Two queens only still have the headlines, of Holland and the United Kingdom.

Amid the wide eclipse of their august feminine calling, here are two ladies who—if the term be permitted—still manage to put themselves over. We are made increasingly aware of the strong character of our own Queen. The special ruling position of Queen Wilhelmina must have made her a personage in any circumstance, but as it happens she is quite a personality apart from privilege, and a highly conservative personality, to boot, one whose intervention with her Ministers is even at times faintly reminiscent of "the old Queen" herself.

A glance round shows that queenly casualties have been high indeed. Death, violence, divorce, separation, dethronement, have spoken decisively. Five widows survive in Queen Amélie of Portugal, her daughter-in-law who never reigned, the Dowager Queen of the Belgians, Queen Marie of Rumania, and the tragic young widow of Belgrade. Two ladies passed from the throne to divorce and now live chiefly in Florence (former Queens of Greece and Rumania). Queen Victoria Eugénie lives in London, separated. And the ex-Empress Zita has Belgium as home. And it is to Belgium that the present writer's thoughts now turn in considering this whole matter of the value of a queen to a country. One knows what sloppiness can be written—the magical touch in opening hospital wards, bazaars, etc.—one hopes to avoid it while at the same time honestly wondering if a few more Queen Astrids might not have exerted an influence making this Europe a more habitable place.

One point is that Astrid contributed to making Belgians happy, and that when people are that way mooded they are apt to be less of a nuisance to themselves and to others.

Returning to Belgium less than four months after she died one is vividly impressed by the cult that has sprung up around Astrid; no one ever refers to her any other way. Walking in the streets of Brussels or Antwerp one is constantly reminded of her. It is not the crêpe on officers' swords or the deep mourning still being worn in certain circles, but the more popular manifestations of remembrance as represented by books, lectures, exhibitions, stamps, calendars and seasonal cards, pictures, pictures in the windows—all Astrid. The newspapers carry half-page advertisements asking you to buy the National Album, proceeds to go to the "Call of the Queen" which Her Majesty launched in aid of the unemployed. The preface begins:

The memory of Astrid, Queen of the Belgians, remains engraved in the hearts of all. She won unanimous affection by her charm, grace, and goodness. It is in order to perpetuate her dear memory that this Album of Remembrance has been edited, embodying the best pictures of the Queen, invoking her in the happy, grave, or edifying moments of her ephemeral existence.

Of the Astrid stamp series, it is pointed out that "the Queen asked that if ever her head came to be used, the small tax added in such circumstance should go to the fight against tuberculosis." As for Astrid books, I counted six volumes in the shop windows—and still they come. One, written in fairy-tale form, is a seasonal best-seller for the children. In addition, two large albums are for sale, and there are cards and calendars and photographs galore. Astrid photographic exhibitions tour the country; and Astrid lecturers no less so. There cannot be a scrap of doubt about it; this queen went right home—all the more remarkable if we bear in mind that she arrived as an unknown foreigner, linguistically tongue-tied, and of a different religion from the bulk of a devout country, and that eventually she had to follow in the shadow of the greatest Belgian, tragically cut off.

How sure of himself was King Albert when he announced his heir's engagement thus:—

"Princess Astrid is a young girl of great culture and simplicity, who possesses high qualities of heart. She has been brought up in a democratic country like our own, and she will have no difficulty, I am convinced, in adapting herself to our national life and in winning the full sympathy of our country. The young people have frequently met in the past six months. They have had the opportunity to appreciate one another. This union is a marriage of inclination."

"Don't forget to tell the people," interposed Queen Elizabeth, "that it is really a marriage of inclination. No consideration of politics influenced the decision we have just announced."

That, of course, has a deal to do with what has transpired since the fatal day at Lucerne. It cannot be frequently that any couple is as united as was this one; it hardly ever happens at all in the vicinity of thrones. And then there is the nearness of the crypt at Laeken where Albert lies beside one he had come to love as a favourite daughter; and the tragically resembling injuries. And naturally from there thoughts stray the few hundred yards across to the saddest abode in all Belgium, where the two survivors, a young king and his widowed mother, live silently; and thence again over to the villa of Stuyvenberg where three little motherless ones are being brought up outside the orbit of insistent grief that envelopes the neighbouring palace. Perhaps, too, Belgians have reflected how a king, when hit as their king has been, can have a harder time of it than any subject. The relatively rare people so hit usually have one idea—to get away. Or, failing that, to be alone. A king can do neither. He must continue to live his life of State duty and continue to do so in a stipulated domestic environment that will never cease to breathe memories. The spiritual aloneness of such a one, tied down on all sides by etiquette where others can at least attempt material escape in some form, should be very complete.

The truth about Astrid is that the country was looking forward to her, that it only enjoyed her as a queen for four months (the opening fifteen months of the reign having been Court mourning and seclusion), and that the sense of loss, of an unfillable void created, is correspondingly great; the thought being all the time of what she might have been, might have done. For the truth also seems to be that Astrid was not only what this period likes to call a grand person, but that she was the first modern queen, stepping with the twentieth century times of her sex. She flew, she was great on skis, she swam finely, and mountain climbed, she could stick it with her husband in the climatic and other handicaps of travel in Africa, India, the East. Astrid adored seeing the far places, roughing it as much as she (and the King) were allowed to.

The change over to gentleness could be effected as easily as people of personality always can effect it. One is tempted to say that this Queen outbid the Kaiser and had four "K's." Her transparent happiness with her three children communicated itself to the mothers of Belgium. As a young girl in Stockholm she had gone through an exhaustive kitchen course—and where a cleaner, more nourishing or appetising *cuisine* than the Swedish? In religion, she arrived in Belgium a Protestant, it being a strict understanding that no one should seek to wean her from that faith. She did not change for four years, the last of which saw her constantly studying and reflecting.

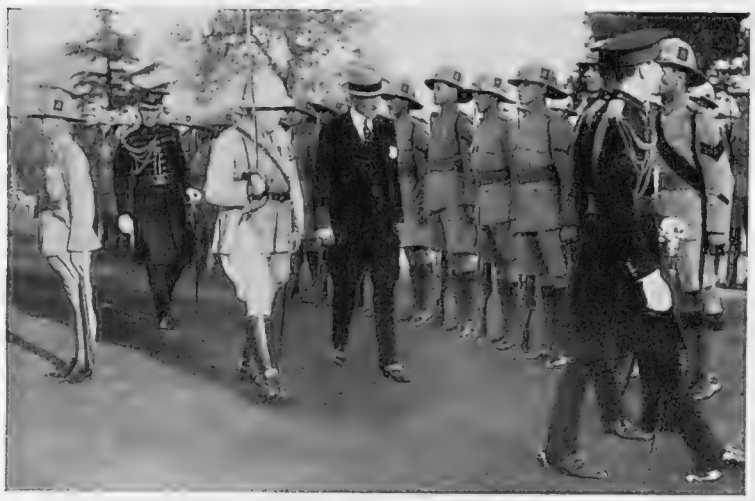
So much for *Kinder, Küche, Kirche*. There was also Kick. Astrid loved life, loved making and seeing others happy. She loved to dance. She had looks, charm, health, domesticity, happiness, she was practically-minded, natural, authentic. "In truth, if she so gained hearts 'twas because she was disarmed," says Count Sforza, Italian ex-Foreign Minister, now living in Brussels.

Astrid so wanted to help in hard and difficult times, and did . . . in four briefest months. The people realized that she supplied what the reserved King was scarcely built for. Astrid would cheer up Belgium in distracting times of devaluation and distress. Yet in those four months she made, I believe, only half-a-dozen official appearances. At the opening of the Brussels Exhibition; at the *Joyeuses Entrées* into Antwerp and Liége; the launch of *Joséphine-Charlotte*; the inauguration of the Swedish Pavilion at the exhibition, when her father kissed her hand, as a queen, for the last time, and when tears came to her eyes as she heard Swedish airs, also for the last time; and, finally, at the ball at the British Pavilion. This ball, for

(Continued on p. 72)

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY: A half-page advertisement in a Belgian newspaper advertising the *Astrid Souvenir Album* which, together with a similar volume, is now selling in enormous numbers to aid the unemployed

INDIA



THE VICEROY IN THE HILL COUNTRY: His Excellency the Earl of Willingdon inspecting a guard of honour on his arrival at Simla, Punjab, for a final visit. During his stay he gave a farewell party at Viceregal Lodge

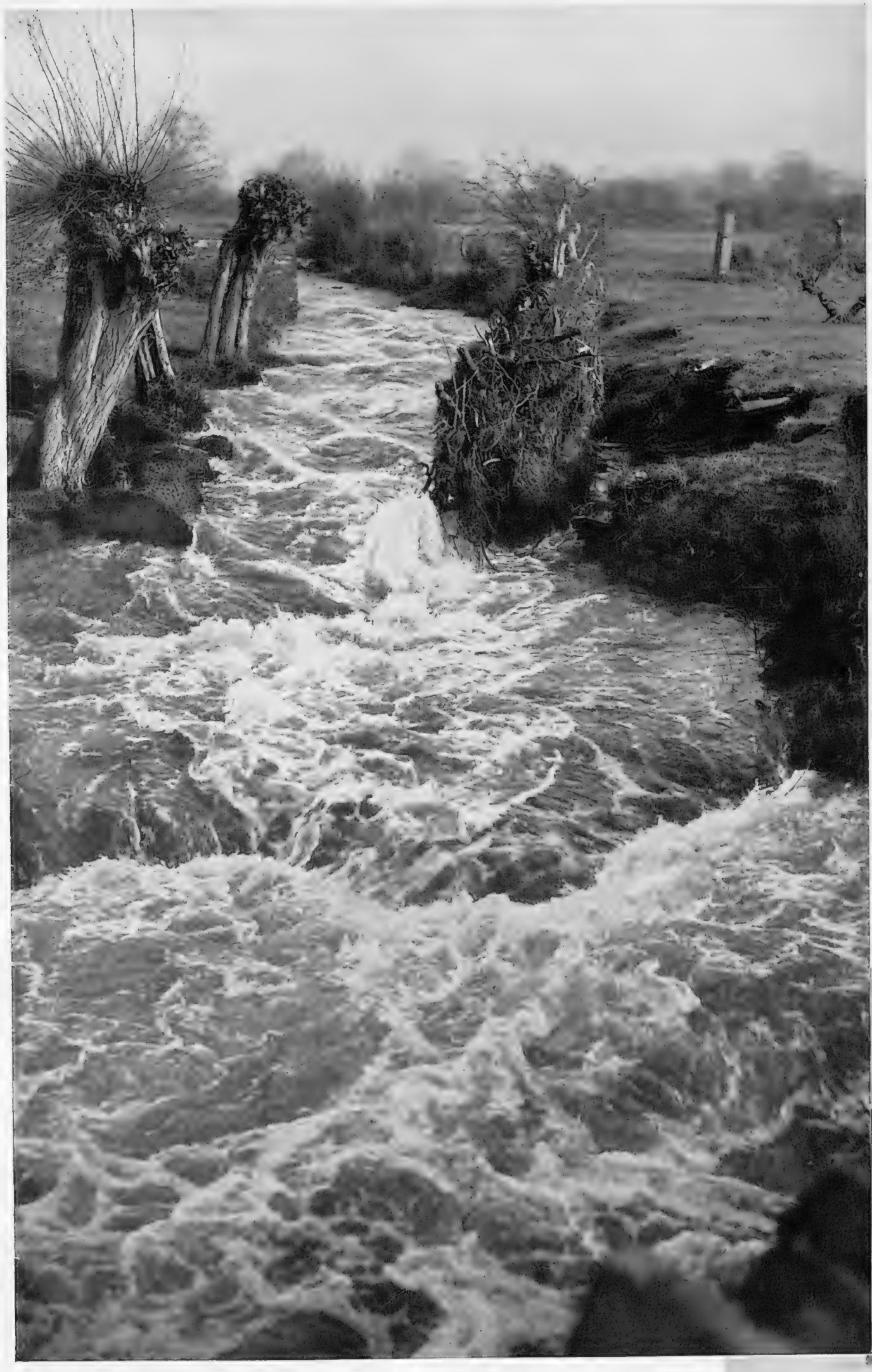
A MORNING IN THE MARSHES: Lord Willingdon, whose term of office as Viceroy comes to an end in the spring, when he will be succeeded by Lord Linlithgow, pictured as he started out on a shooting expedition at Dhasna, near Delhi. He secured quite a good bag

PLATFORM GREETINGS: The Earl of Willingdon introducing members of his staff to the Maharaj Rana of Dholpur when he recently arrived at Dholpur to make a tour of the State which covers about 1,200 square miles of Rajputana. *On Right*—The Viceroy making friends with the samburs, a species of stag found largely in the mountainous parts of India. They are extremely docile, and will usually respond to a voice they are accustomed to

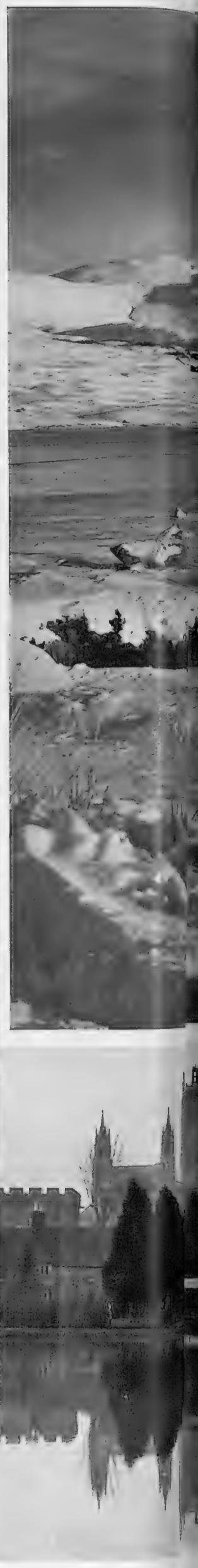
AT THE COURT OF NEPAL: Colonel F. M. Bailey (*third from left*), the new British Minister in Katmandu, seen after he had presented his credentials to the Maharaja, and had conferred on him the G.C.S.I. Second from left is Sir Bahadur Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, Commander of the Nepalese Army, and son of the Prime Minister. It will be remembered that he came to London in 1934 as head of a mission

THE WATERS ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH

Aspects of the Floods in England — Scotland in Winter's Grip



MULTUM IN PARVO: A stream at Cog Mill, near Iron Acton, Gloucestershire, full to the brim as it roared down to swell the floods which have been so seriously dislocating communications in the West Country



On right—MIRRORED IN THE STILL FLOOD-WATERS: A remarkable contrast to the picture above. Lovely Tewkesbury Abbey reflected in a field inundated by the rising of the River Severn. Many hundreds of acres of land have been under water here, and the Pershore road has been impassable for vehicles

"A WHITE DAWN": Early morning on the edge of Rannoch Moor, Inverness, looking across Loch Ossian to the snow-clad heights of Ben Eibhinn—an impression of the severe weather conditions prevailing in the Highlands particularly in the Fort William district, recorded by Robert M. Adam. *Below*—THE YORKSHIRE DERWENT BURSTS ITS BANKS: The river near Sutton, where there has been widespread flooding of farmlands

Tracking Human Contraband

Aliens Who Are Smuggled into the United States by Such Ingenious Methods

PUBLIC opinion in America was scandalised recently by the exposure of a ring of immigration racketeers who had extorted over 1,000,000 dollars from aliens in exchange for illegal citizenship papers. Immediately all aliens fell under wholesale suspicion. The signal was given for a sensational drive to round up immigrants, have them finger-printed and deported. In the Federal campaign against crime, aliens were marked with a red pencil on the long sheet of kidnappers, outlaws, and dangerous criminals.

The investigation disclosed that files at Ellis Island, where immigrants are held, had been altered or stolen, and that over 300 aliens had been arrested for illegal entry in the last two years. Gangsters, unscrupulous lawyers, and employees in the immigration service were found to have amassed a fortune from the traffic in immigrants, who still look upon America as the land of unlimited possibilities.

Painting a picture of the aliens smuggled in from Cuba, now the stepping-stone to the United States, Daniel S. MacCormack, Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalisation, described "cases where aliens being brought from Cuba are wrapped in bags to give the appearance of a vegetable cargo. If a Coastguard cutter approaches these sacks are dumped overboard. Other aliens are taken to barren islands in the Florida Keys, their teeth knocked out for the gold they contain, and then left to starve."

But who are these aliens, where do they come from, and how do they live? Dislocated in the chaos of the Old World, they have poured into Cuba with eyes strained longingly towards America. Strange outlaws, they are the new generation of Asiatics and eastern Europeans who have dreamed the old visions of America, only to be frustrated by the quota. Smuggling has become their last resort.

Beneath the stutter of Cuba's machine guns and the shock of revolution they live detached, exotic, peaceful, and desperately poor. In an island of economic misery they still stand out; their bodies starved, their clothing made from sacks and even newspapers, their houses built from the leaves of royal palm trees, houses which make a New York tenement slum seem almost palatial. But poverty is endured resolutely beneath the expectation of the day when they can be brought to America.

How they are tracked unfolds a dramatic story of intrigue, plots, suspicion, and international crises, which end not infrequently in tragedy and death. The tales whispered by Mr. Cummings' advance guard and the secrets which leak out of the immigration offices, reveal the rigid scrutiny under which the Government has placed all ships and vehicles. The Coast is being swept into constant agitated ripples since the tragedy of the *Morro Castle* was blamed by some upon its stowaways, and by others, upon an alien crew, interested more in smuggling than in saving lives.

The sea has become the pivot for the watch and hopeful capture. Aliens smuggled in from Mexico have an "underground railway," and from Canada, an international bridge, but from the Island of Cuba they have only boats and planes, and the planes are well-guarded. Thus tramp steamers, owned largely by Americans and Cubans, carry on, with historic rights, the trade that once enticed the pirate ships along the Spanish Main. And the modern bootleggers of humans, direct descendants of the Kidds and Morgans, come up from the ranks of sailors, messmates, stewards, firemen, or cooks, who receive for their booty about 400 dollars.

Under cover of night, they smuggle the alien aboard while the ship is blurred in the ocean mists. Darkness prevails as a man is shovelled under a heap of coal. Darkness and silence while another is pushed into an empty tank. Only the lights of Morro Castle cast eerie shadows on a group of five figures fleeing into a stateroom, crouching into barrels and crates and under cabin bunks.

Three Cubans were recently stowed into the hole where the anchor lay. The air admitted to keep the anchor from rusting made the hide-out splendid for breathing. But the space was cramped; their muscles ached intolerably. Pitying them, the sailor brought them up one night into his cabin. Suddenly, in the midst of talk and hushed laughter, they heard the footsteps of the second mate. The three men were rushed under cover, the lights were dimmed, and the second mate, assured that all was well, continued his rounds. Furtive and silent, the men slid back to their hole where they lay until the boat docked in New York harbour. Smoothing the way with money, they were smuggled out to the rich promised soil of America.

Walking the pirates' plank was no less terrifying than the hazards that face these aliens. The hide-outs are often discovered or the empty tank filled and the man inside scalded beyond recognition. Often the stowaways are caught at the frontier, fined, imprisoned, and deported. And sometimes the sailor forgets to bring the prostrate men their piece of bread. Thus, with every knot that brings them closer to Key West, or Tampa, or New York, the danger of death increases.

Florida, pointing like a gun at Cuba across ninety miles of irridescent sea, has been padded with Federal scouts watching every ship sail in. In Jacksonville, immigration officers captured the S.S. *Belize*, in which they found a secret compartment built into the vessel concealing seven aliens. The Government instituted 7,000 dollars in fines against the ship, 1,000 dollars for each alien brought into port without the proper visa.

The spirit of the old South seemed to come back to life while the vessel was being auctioned off. Men in ten-gallon hats and white beards from the near-by country rubbed shoulders with gaping Georgia crackers. The South had come out in force to see justice done.

Carrying the war into the interior, Federal scouts drive up and down the Dixie Highway, across the Tamiami Trail from Spanish-looking Tampa to Yankee-ridden Miami, and over the old Spanish Trail built by the early seekers after gold and everlasting youth. The Gothic twilight of the Hammocks, America's only jungle-land, is being penetrated and explored by uniformed men with guns and police dogs.

A truck, passing through Florida loaded with oranges, was the medium for an inter-State plot, as ingenious as a detective story. The immigration officers, always on the scent, found that only the sides and back of the truck were covered with fruit; underneath lay seventeen Chinamen. The chauffeur had been given 100 dollars a head to get them into North Carolina after they had been smuggled in from Cuba. With discreet silence, the Government arrested the driver, deported the Chinamen, and confiscated the 1,700 dollars.

Marking time until they can enter the States, many of these aliens in Cuba live in hovels, holding off the final clutch of hunger with failing strength. Estranged from Europe, mistrusted in Cuba, and unwanted in the States, they are among the most desolate victims of the war and the years of debris. In their tattered clothing, they come down to the picturesque wharves to watch the cruisers come from, and go towards, America. Some day they too will go—that is a dream that no facts can discourage, a fixation that is life itself. For there, just beyond the horizon lies the one sustaining vision of food, happiness, economic security.

Ruth Gruber

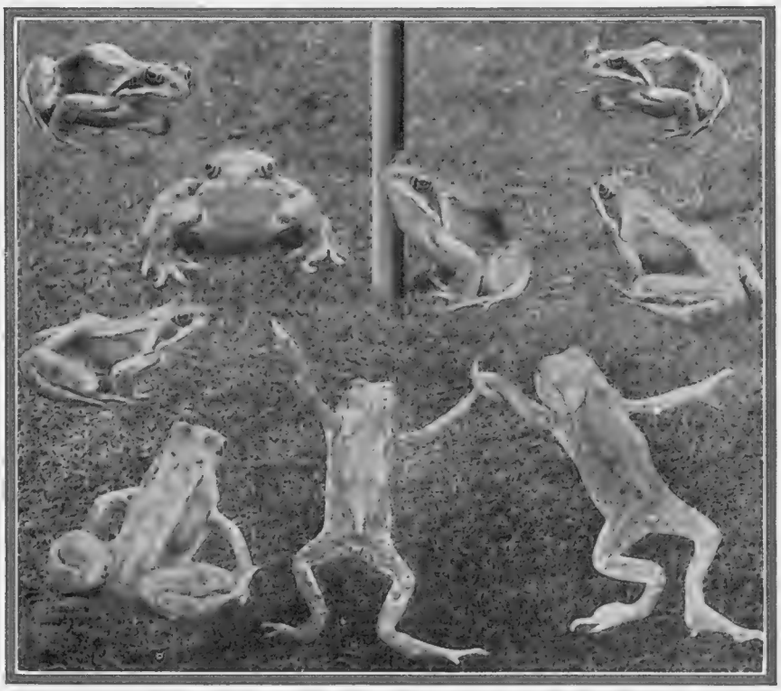
AN ATTEMPT THAT FAILED: A young French artist who was found by officers of S.S. *Lafayette* hiding in this box in the hold of the ship. It purported to contain a consignment of hats

THE LONG ARM OF THE AMERICAN LAW: A patrol boat of the Coastguard Service drawing alongside a ship suspected of having aliens aboard. It was, of course, within the three-mile limit

GRENOUILLES AU NATUREL

Scenes at the Frog Farm at Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire, where these Creatures are Reared for Sale to Restaurants

OWNER AND MANAGER: Mr. M. Burgess, who runs the farm at Hemel Hempstead where over thirty thousand frogs are always kept in stock and for which there is now in this country a much larger demand than many people might imagine. They are a great delicacy, tasting not unlike chicken



TWILIGHT IN THE FROGGERY: The frogs gathering round the pole on top of which is a lantern that attracts to the spot every conceivable kind of insect, which, falling to the ground, provide the hungry mouths below with a hearty meal. By this simple expedient Mr. Burgess is able to ensure the regular feeding of his charges

Left—SLIPPERY CUSTOMERS: Catching the frogs in the enclosure is no easy matter, as they leap in every direction from their would-be captor, but a skilled man is usually able to bring in as many as 1,000 in an hour if a large order has to be met quickly. *Right, above*—Repairing one of the walls of the enclosure, which are quite 3 ft. high, as some of the frogs are able to jump to extraordinary heights in comparison with their size

THE SOURCE OF SUPPLY: This man is employed by the farm to bring in frogs, many of which he finds near springs and in rat holes situated a few inches above the water-line in the banks of streams

THE BEST OF THE CATCH: Mr. Burgess selecting frogs for market. *Right*—A box of 250 being taken to the station for despatch by rail to London. They are usually placed in margarine containers

IRAN THE PROGRESSIVE

The Development of the Country under Reza Shah

IN Iran western influences have been slower to give effective result than in almost any sovereign State in the world. Only since the establishment of internal security by Reza Shah Pahlevi has the process of "modernisation" (not "westernisation" it is insisted) gained ground. For although Nasr-din Shah and other rulers of the old Kajar dynasty used to make periodic excursions across Europe, the expense of their jaunts was never really justified by any subsequent access of social enterprise on the part of the Persian Government.

Things are quite different to-day. The modern Teherani no longer leaves the city of "the Asylum of the Universe" only on auspicious astrological occasions. Neither has he quite the same welcome for the many travellers, concession hunters, international artists from Beyrout and Cairo, parties of workmen, such as the hundred odd Greeks from Piraeus who were stranded and left starving while seeking work in Iran last autumn, as for the early nineteenth century traveller.

In actual fact the visitor to Iran immediately after crossing the frontier is asked to proceed to the medical station. Here the production of stamped and signed vaccination certificates is the only means of ensuring immunity from a surgical operation on the arm. The medical officer in charge of the smart sanatorium a little to the north of Khosrovi has a European training and a gentle touch. But there are some who do not appreciate his proficiency, feeling a little as must the old Ottomans who, when granted an audience with the Sultan, were led into the presence with arms outstretched to prove that no weapon was concealed.

THE EVER-MYSTERIOUS EAST: An orthodox Muslim of the Caspian region

The Modernisation of Teheran and Other Matters

almost certainly have raided such a party. In fact, when Reza Shah Pahlevi acceded to the throne in 1925 it was customary for a traveller, passing through these parts, to have to pay toll to the tribal chieftain. But in Luristan to-day the soldiers of His Imperial Majesty's 80,000 strong army enforce order, and the story of the death of over 100 Persians in Meshed last July has spread through Iran, if not through the world at large, instilling respect for machine guns and the recognition by Kurds of a greater power than the headman.

The Meshed riots were caused by a feeling that the abolition of the "Pahlevi," a peaked black hat formerly worn by every Persian and abandoned last June for European head-gear, was a precedent for the unveiling of women who, in Iran, still wear the black *chadar*. Suspicious that they are being "got at"—and sometimes rightly so—Iranian countryfolk have been known even to object to the introduction of bank notes, or "black money" as it is called; though the disappearance of silver has lately brought paper money into better repute.

In the Iranian National Bank, a building on the Firdaussi Avenue in Teheran, I heard something of this silver smuggling from an official.

There were approximately seven rials to an ounce. And since one ounce of silver then cost 2s. 9d. a return of £1 for fifty rials was obtainable. But with the exchange at 80, depreciating to 100, sellers were able to gain 60–100 per cent. on deals.

The position was very similar to one which in 1922 affected the gold stocks of the country. Smuggling at that time has been described by Sir Arnold T. Wilson: "Gold," he writes, "crossed the Iraq frontier in bags under the tails of the Persian broad-tailed sheep: in radiators on cars; in iron pipes; and in the coffins of the pious dead whose corpses were sent for burial in the holy places of Iraq."

Extraordinary degrees of cunning have been shown in evading the Customs, as is illustrated by the case of a Teheran garage owner who had for some time been amassing silver coins, bought up and collected by lorry drivers and other agents scattered through the country. It was his practice to melt the silver and remould it in long, narrow strips which were riveted together in the form of a car spring. This valuable accessory was painted black and thrown on to a back seat where, he found, it excited no suspicion on the part of the Customs.

At length one of his drivers, dissatisfied with a meagre share in the profits, declined to take a load to Baghdad, during the past year a clearing centre for hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of Persian silver shipped from Basrah and consigned, in many instances, to London bullion merchants. The garage owner, disregarding the man's threats that he would inform the police, got his brother to drive the vehicle into Iraq. Immediately it had left the driver gave a description of the car at police headquarters. Attempts were made to intercept the smugglers at a score or more posts along the road, but they were lucky enough always to keep ahead of the telephone message.

Variations of incidents of this kind are quite commonplace in Iran, but they do nothing to detract from a general progressive movement which is slowly raising the standard of living, in towns if not appreciably in the country, lowering the death rate, and in patches stirring up enthusiasm where before hung the heavy fog of inanition. Ispahan, the old capital and still a centre of Persian arts, has lately been voted a large sum by the Mejliss. Similar contributions towards urban improvement are being made to towns along the north shores of the Persian Gulf, while in Teheran itself one can spend a whole afternoon walking among the foundations of new ministerial and institutional quarters.

The War Office, incorporating all departments of defence, as well as a club for military officers, spreads itself in the centre of the town. Nearby a new museum and Foreign Office are being built in much more solid form than any Persian architecture since Persepolis. In the same area stands the new police headquarters, at least as large as the very biggest of our West End stores.

There is to be an opera house, too. For the Persian enjoys his amusements which at present are limited to sitting at night in the open-air cafés of Teheran, listening to a dance band until three or four in the morning. If he wants to see a cabaret show he goes to the Canarie or Astoria in the Lalezar. And for such pleasant delicacies as caviare he does not have to go far.

by MICHAEL LANGLEY

The car, almost certainly of American make, hurries on in a cloud of dust, the finer particles penetrating the fabric with a rather sickly smell. The landscape is one of brown undulating hills, precipitous in parts and showing little sign of fertility except in valleys and areas such as Kermanshah where the poppy is widely grown and opium manufactured in a government monopoly factory in the town. Quantities of this opium are exported to China, its production providing Iran's second largest source of income after oil, shipped from Abadan on the eighty tankers of the Anglo-Iranian Company's fleet.

Oil has also brought back to Kermanshah the former importance which this town owed to its convenient position as a converging point for caravans leaving Persia. Last autumn there was opened close to the ancient Taki-Bistan rock carvings a refinery to supply central and northern Iran with petrol. Beside the Karasu (Blackwater), a stream flowing down from the high chain of mountains which extend westwards into Kurdistan, stand a posse of squat aluminium painted tanks, built to hold 4,000,000 gallons. Here the 75,000 gallons which, in crude form, is pumped up from Naft-i-shah, 145 miles west of Kermanshah, is stored. The 3-in. pipe, capable of withstanding a pressure of 1,500 lb. per square inch, follows the same path over the Pai-Tak Pass as was once taken by those who set out along the "golden road" from Baghdad and trekked north-east to Samarkand.

Lorries and heavy motor transport to-day make use of that same road. And, instead of occasionally coming across the bleached bones of a camel, the traveller through Iran now finds, from time to time, the twisted remains of a wrecked or burnt-out lorry, driven to destruction by some over-tired or opium-drugged driver. To avoid the effects of fatigue employees of the Kermanshah oil depôt, which has just shipped to Iran thirty lorries of a carrying capacity of 70,000 gallons, are allowed to drive on eight-hour shifts only. Much of the distribution is to be by 4-gallon tins, a plant with an annual output of 5,000,000 cans having been laid down at Kermanshah. These tins provide householders with the raw material for roofing and chimney-pots, and, in the case of one mosque that I have seen, a silvery exterior to its dome. While in Seaneh, a small Kurdish town, the cans are passed on to watermen who work feverishly throughout the summer months to lay the dust.

One of the difficulties of travelling in the old Persia was its wearisome slowness. Five weeks was the time taken for a caravan trek from Baghdad to Teheran until the first cars began to make regular journeys, carrying passengers at £30 each, in 1923. To-day those whose hosts do not want to send their car to Khaniquin Station, 500 miles from Teheran, can hire an automobile for £12–£15, or obtain a single seat—the front is best—for £4. The journey takes 48 hours by car and, since the lapse of a German air service in 1933, is the only means of communication between the two capitals.

To the north-east of Kermanshah, though, the long zig-zag line of the trans-Iranian railway is slowly creeping towards completion which is planned for the summer of 1939 when southern and northern sections will join at Teheran. The entire length, extending from the Caspian port of Bandar Shah in the north to Bandar Shahpur on the Persian Gulf, is about 900 miles.

The line is being built in the face of geographical difficulties, such as a tendency of mountain ranges to run from East to West, a condition which involves repeated tunnelling and the building in places of serpentine tracks. The economic possibilities of this £20,000,000 project are often questioned; but a recent commercial treaty signed between Iran and U.S.S.R. suggests the ultimate use of the line as an outlet for Russian freight traffic to the south. As it is, the northern half, entrusted to Scandinavian contractors, will be finished within eighteen months. And a railway which is a State asset, having been paid for out of a high tea and sugar tax, will "show its metal" in rivalry with the Chalous road, a link between Teheran and the Caspian which crosses the Elburz range at a height of 10,000 ft.

Platelayers, working on the railway, have at different times included Italians, Hungarians, Scandinavians, Greeks, and other nationalities. They live in encampments beside the track and after nine or ten months' work return to Teheran for a "break." Conditions on the line, as related by them, are interesting.

Until the beginning of the year, when a high world market price gave rise to the wholesale smuggling of silver out of Iran, wages were paid to the railway workers in silver coin. Once a month a convoy of mules would be assembled outside the bank in Khorramabad and thousands of five and two rial pieces—sixteen and forty to the pound respectively—loaded on to the backs of these animals. The caravan of silver coin would then set off over rough country, guarded only by a small detachment of the local gendarmerie in cornflower blue uniforms and armed with rifles.

The one or two European escorts would have an anxious time, for only a few years ago the Bakhtiari and other tribes of this district would

THE LAND OF THE SHAH

Scenes in Iran To-day

AN IRANIAN MECCA: Looking across the roof-tops of Meshed towards the marble shrine of Imam Reza, the most venerated spot in Iran, which is visited yearly by more than 100,000 pilgrims, and which was the scene last summer of an alarming disturbance arising from the attempt of the Government to impose certain drastic western dress reforms on an unwilling populace

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD TO MESHED: A heavily laden bus on its way to the holy city which, although situated on the eastern confines of Iran, close to Afghanistan, is comparatively up to date. Travelling is much safer than once it was owing to the work of the Imperial Army in patrolling the highways, but at the spot depicted here there were recently two hold-ups by brigands

G.H.Q. OF A MIGHTY UNDERTAKING: The imposing head offices at Teheran of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company—a concern that expends over £2,000,000 in wages in the country each year and is capitalised at no less than £20,000,000. The building is typical of many now being erected and which are transforming the capital into a fine modern city. The new police headquarters are particularly striking and at least as large as any of London's great West End stores

IN the L

Further Pictures
Buildings—The S

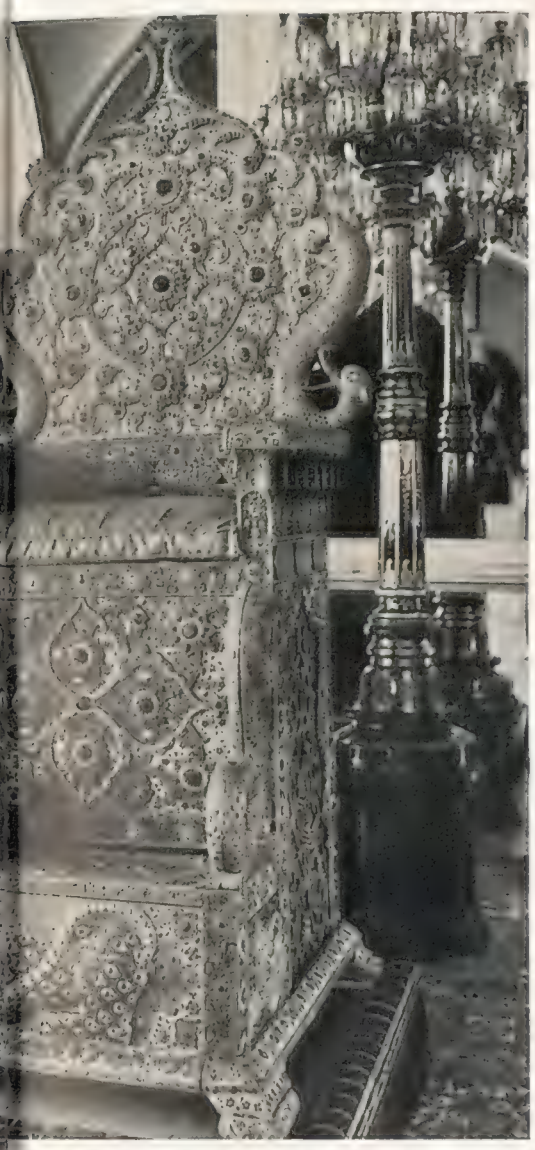
THE STAIRSTEP CITY: Moselek, situated at an altitude of over three thousand feet and fifty miles inland from the Caspian Sea, is one of the most peculiar places in Asia and, even in these days of general travel, has been seen by comparatively few foreigners. It stands on the lower slopes of a precipitous mountain and the roofs of each row of adobe houses, it will be noted, serve as a street or sidewalk for the row of buildings immediately above. The residents are evidently used to the constant tramp of feet and the noise of vehicles overhead

WHERE ROOFS ARE STREETS

A close-up view of streets in Moselek showing how the thoroughfares above the houses have no railings in spite of the big drop on one side. It would seem to be an extremely dangerous place for children

AND of the SHAH

from Iran—Teheran and its Modern Strangely Planned City of Moselek



THE PEACOCK THRONE: The world-famous bejewelled chair taken as loot from the Moguls of India and now in the Palace at Teheran

ALBORZ COLLEGE, TEHERAN: The main building of an American educational institution for Persians—an imposing edifice standing in the shadow of snow-clad Elburz mountain and typical of the architectural style of most of the more modern buildings in the capital. The present Shah is greatly interested in education and during his reign of a little more than a decade great advances have been made, notably in instructing the sons of former nomads, who are being trained for agricultural life

THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES OF THE IMPERIAL BANK OF IRAN: Another fine modern building in Teheran, which to-day is emerging rapidly from its medieval languor under the guidance of Reza Shah Pahlevi, the ex-stable boy who rose so dramatically to supreme power, and, having brought about internal stability, is now pursuing an enlightened policy of reform

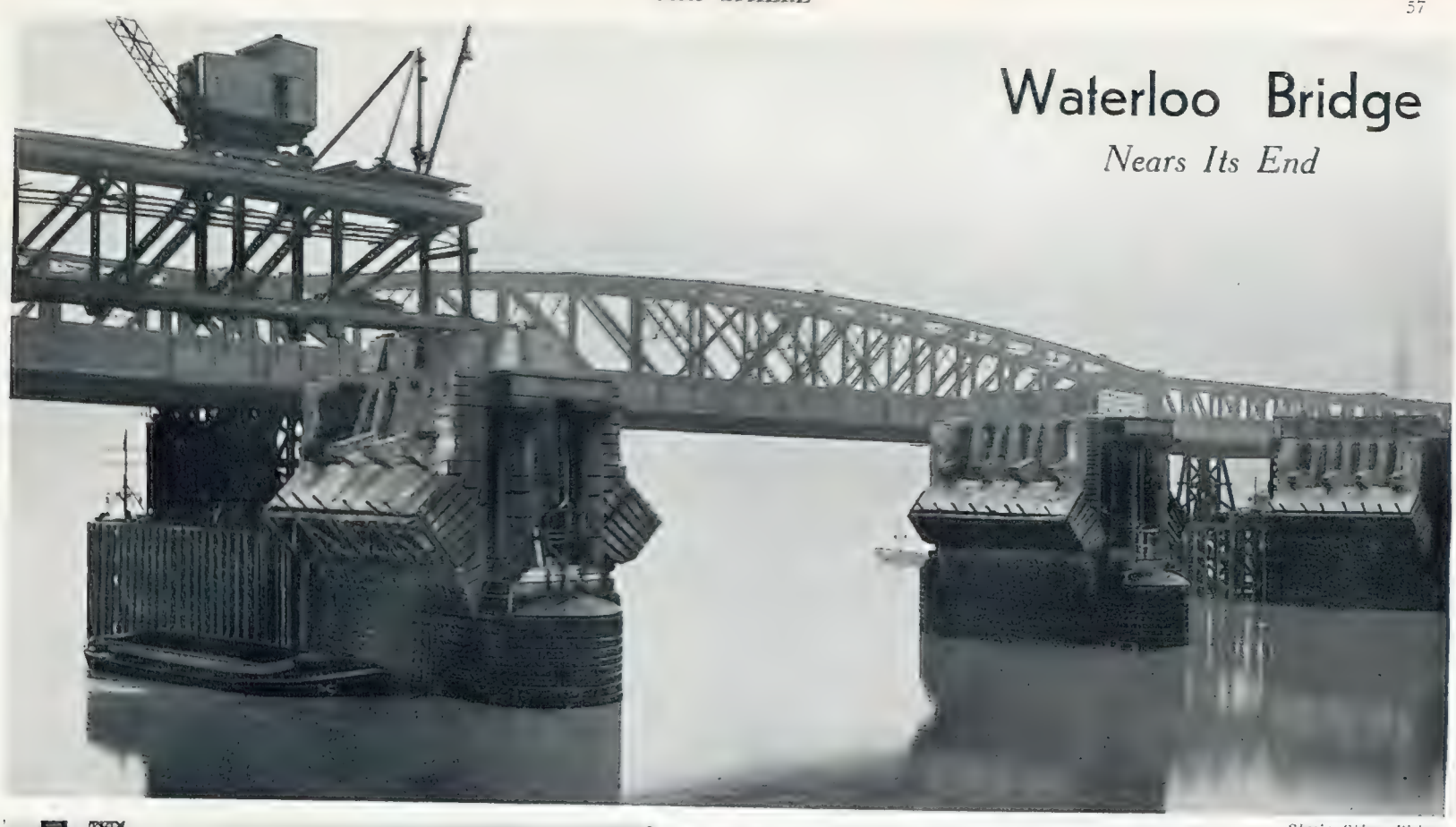
This curious beehive structure is used for preserving food, ice being placed in a pit dug below the floor and covered over with earth. The ice does not melt as the building is constantly in the shadow of the wall erected behind it

REFRIGERATION IN THE DESERT

YOU CAN OBTAIN A COPY OF THE ABOVE PICTURE (POST FREE) ON APPLYING ... TO DEPT. S.R. DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., 6 ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

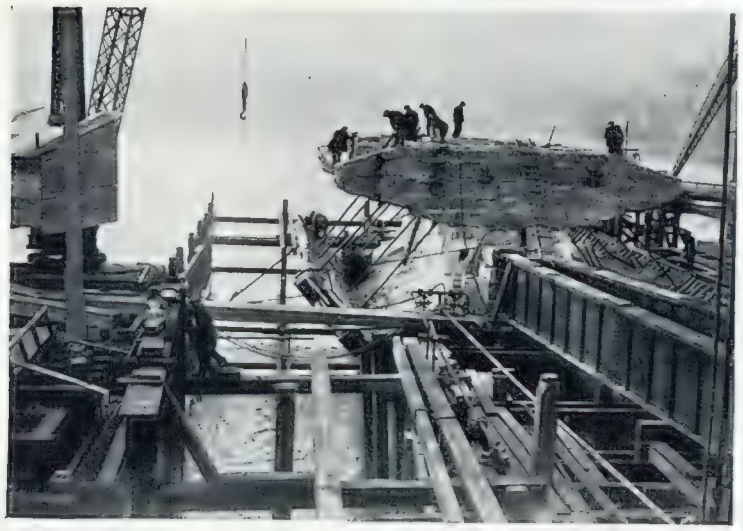
Waterloo Bridge

Nears Its End



Special Sphere Picture

BRIDGE BREAKING EXTRAORDINARY: All that is left of the famous structure; a view showing the piers which have been isolated by the removal of the arches and are now, in turn, in course of demolition—a task that is being accomplished without undue interference with river traffic as only two piers at a time are being dealt with



THE LAST PHASE: Men engaged in the demolition of the reinforced concrete superstructure of one of the piers—a part of the bridge that, of course, does not date from Rennie's time and was put in recently to prevent a serious collapse. The tie-rods beneath are also modern additions

IN THE GRECIAN MANNER: Removing the massive blocks which formed the striking three-quarter Doric column pilasters at either side of the piers and which, in Rennie's day represented the use of granite on a scale before unknown. It is now suggested that these blocks should be erected in Kew Gardens as a memorial to the bridge. *On the left* —A view of another of the piers showing how its core consists of a series of brick walls

PLAYING TO AN EMPTY HOUSE AND A VAST UNSEEN AUDIENCE: Dr. Adrian Boult directing the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in the Queen's Hall

1936 AT THE B.B.C.

Plans for a Bumper Year with more Elaborate Broadcasts than ever

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT REALLY looks as though I will have to buy myself a brand new wireless set. The plans of the B.B.C. for 1936 sound so much more inviting than ever before. Transmissions, I am promised, are going to be really full of human interest; there will be less of the barren political debates; there will be many more Imperial talks; and there will be a general improvement and advance in broadcasts to and from the Empire. Until recently Empire broadcasts were mostly oneway. Improvement in technical engineering means that it will be much easier to receive broadcasts from places like Australia, Canada, South Africa, India, and New Zealand than before.

A great deal of the credit due for these coming improvements can be given to Major Gladstone Murray, who was recently promoted to the post of Assistant Controller of Programmes. Talks between Englishmen and Scotsmen rather than between some Chelsea highbrow and a Russian will be the thing. Speakers of the calibre of Max Beerbohm can also be expected. The technical improvements will also enable us to have many more broadcasts from the United States, where Mr. Felix Greene has recently gone out to establish contacts all over America. This improvement in reception will mean that we can expect many more broadcasts of actualities over there which will reach us, owing to the change of time, at about 8 p.m. It would not surprise me in the least if we heard a running commentary from the spot on the annual football match between the American Army and the American Navy, or between Yale and Harvard. We might even have a broadcast account done from the spot of a matinée in a Broadway theatre.

Yes, there is going to be much more actuality in the broadcasts of 1936. The Outside Broadcast Department is full of plans. It is their intention to increase the number of broadcasts which carry the listener from his fireside to some place or spectacle of interest. This will generally be done in programmes for other departments such as the Saturday Magazine, the Children's Hour, and Young Ideas. It is hoped, however, to arrange certain special features. The first of these will be a visit to the Circus and Fun Fair at Olympia on January 20. This department also intends to enlarge the sporting broadcasts, and the possibilities of field hockey, pigeon racing (!), darts, squash racquets, badminton, table tennis, yacht racing, and the international polo matches between England and America at Hurlingham this summer are all being explored. It will not be possible, of course, to enable the listener to follow some of these games as clearly as a Rugger or Soccer match, but it should be

WHEN PRECISION IS VITAL: The temporary control point fixed up in the crypt of Westminster Abbey for the broadcast of the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Kent in November, 1934. Here the controlling engineer had to sit throughout the ceremony and, in proper sequence, bring into operation the nine microphones recording the service, and the eye-witness account of the arrival and departure. It demands the exercise of considerable skill to make the change over from point to point imperceptible

possible to give the atmosphere of a particular sport as in the recent Snooker commentary at Thurston's.

Atmosphere and association are two important things which outside broadcasting can bring to the listener at home. For this reason musical comedy relays will be kept up to an average of at least one a month. In order to reproduce atmosphere the department is toying with the idea of putting its commentators into the crowd rather than to isolate them in a sound-proof box. An experiment will be made at the first opportunity with a boxing match, when the commentator will occupy a ringside seat.

The biggest week for the Outside Broadcasting Department will be the maiden voyage of *Queen Mary* from Southampton to New York. Most of the ship will be wired for microphones, including the ball-room, the dining-room, swimming pool, and the veranda grill. The listener will be conducted on a tour of the ship for three-quarters of an hour on the second night out from Southampton.

The Empire programme plans, to which I have already referred, are considerable. It is intended this year to extend the hours of transmission in the early morning and reduce the gap which exists at present between Transmissions 5 and 6; that is, between 1 a.m. and 3 a.m. Better rather than more frequent special programmes will be presented during the hours when no other programmes are available for relay. A satisfactory balance is at last going to be provided between light music and more serious music, especially in Transmissions 2 and 3; while the Empire orchestra will be playing regularly once a week in Transmission 2 from late January onwards.

An increasing use will be made of programme material from the Regionals which is likely to have a particular appeal to overseas listeners of British origin. And a more ambitious programme of talks has been arranged to include fortnightly reviews of Imperial affairs, foreign affairs, and special talks on British agriculture.

Finally, the experimental relay of a Children's Hour in Transmission 2 is being developed, and as from the middle of next month a Children's Hour will be included in Transmission 4 also relayed from the Regional programme on Saturdays.

Children at home can expect many treats during their special hour. A monthly series of "Listening to London" has been planned. These will be broadcast from likely points such as the Tower of London, Tower Bridge, the Mint, and other places of interest. There is to be a special film critic for the Children's Hour; and a series of programmes to be called "My Programme," by authors and artists who are specially interested in the Children's Hour and who will appear in person, is under consideration. These special efforts for the children are possibly stimulated by the King's special reference to the rising generation in both of his last Christmas Day broadcasts.

Speaking generally, the principle is going to be adopted that a listener's interest is more or less saturated by a continuous programme of one hour. In other words, where possible concerts and plays will be reduced to sixty minutes. In many cases, of course, this will be impossible, but the principle remains.

Another general idea is to give light operettas on Sundays—possibly Gilbert and Sullivan if the difficulties of copyright can be overcome. It is also intended to diagonalise on Sundays. This is a special word coined by the B.B.C. to describe the alternating of a programme between Regional and National. Sunday, in fact, is going to be much brighter on the air than it has been before. There is also a scheme afoot of putting on a symphony concert in the afternoon instead of in the evening. But this may not be possible before the autumn.

Variety programmes in 1936 are going to bulk more largely than ever. Statistics show that in January 1933 they numbered twenty-three. In 1935 they rose to sixty-one. This January they will total eighty-seven and will last for over fifty-eight hours. This may be taken as a signpost for the rest of the year.

Radio variety depends upon single personalities and single programmes, but as on the screen, stage, and music hall, there is a shortage of individual personalities in radio. To correct this, the B.B.C. talent scouts are now searching all over the Continent and Great Britain for new talent. There will be continuous auditions at Broadcasting House throughout the year. At the moment there is a grave lack of original comedians, soprano, and tenor actor-singers for musical comedy, and impersonators who can manage anything better than Maurice Chevalier and Zazu Pitts. (Needless to say, there are plenty of crooners, light baritones, drawing-room sopranos, and entertainers at the piano). When available, already famous personalities will be booked, as is shown by the signing up of George Robey. To counteract this shortage of big names, script programmes are being planned to bolster things up. Those scheduled for the next few weeks include:

(1) "Romance in Rhythm"—dance melodies and popular classics in modern symphonic form (fortnightly).

(2) "Music from the Movies"—fortnightly review of current film hits.

(3) "Floor Show." Reproduction of cabaret atmosphere, with Carroll Gibbons' band, celebrity artists, and John Watt as wandering *compère* with a microphone strapped to his chest. The audience invited to dance between acts.

(4) Musical comedy adaptations—*The Student Prince*, *Rio Rita*, *The Gipsy Princess*.

(5) Concerts of the old ballads. Potpourris of favourite light operas.

(*Continued on p. 72*)

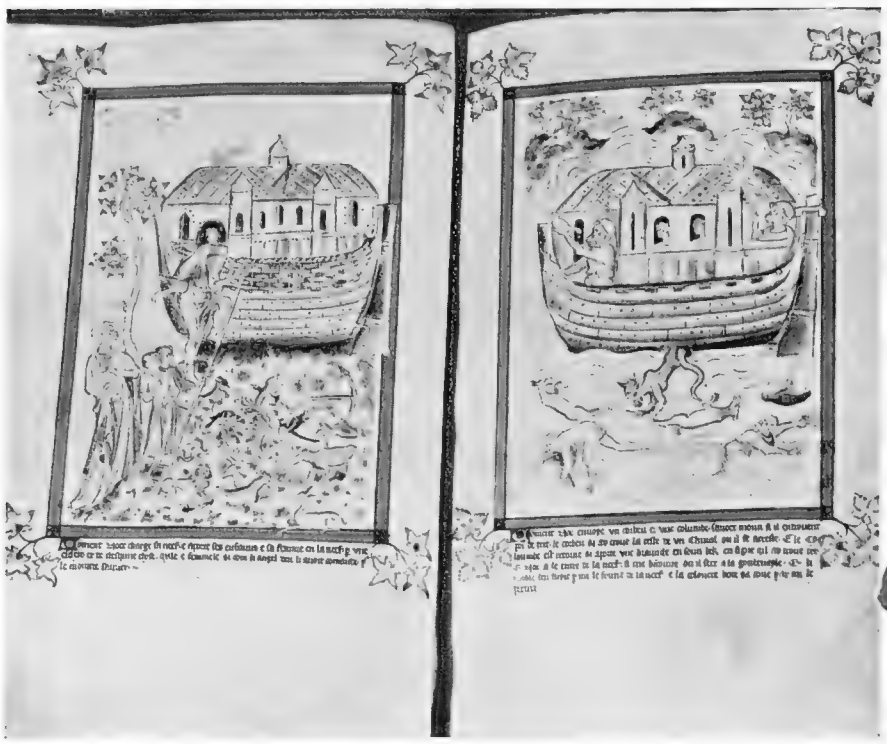
PASSING ON THE THRILLS: A B.B.C. commentator describing a cup-tie from his special covered-in box in the grand stand of the Newcastle United ground. This year there are to be even more of these "outside broadcasts"

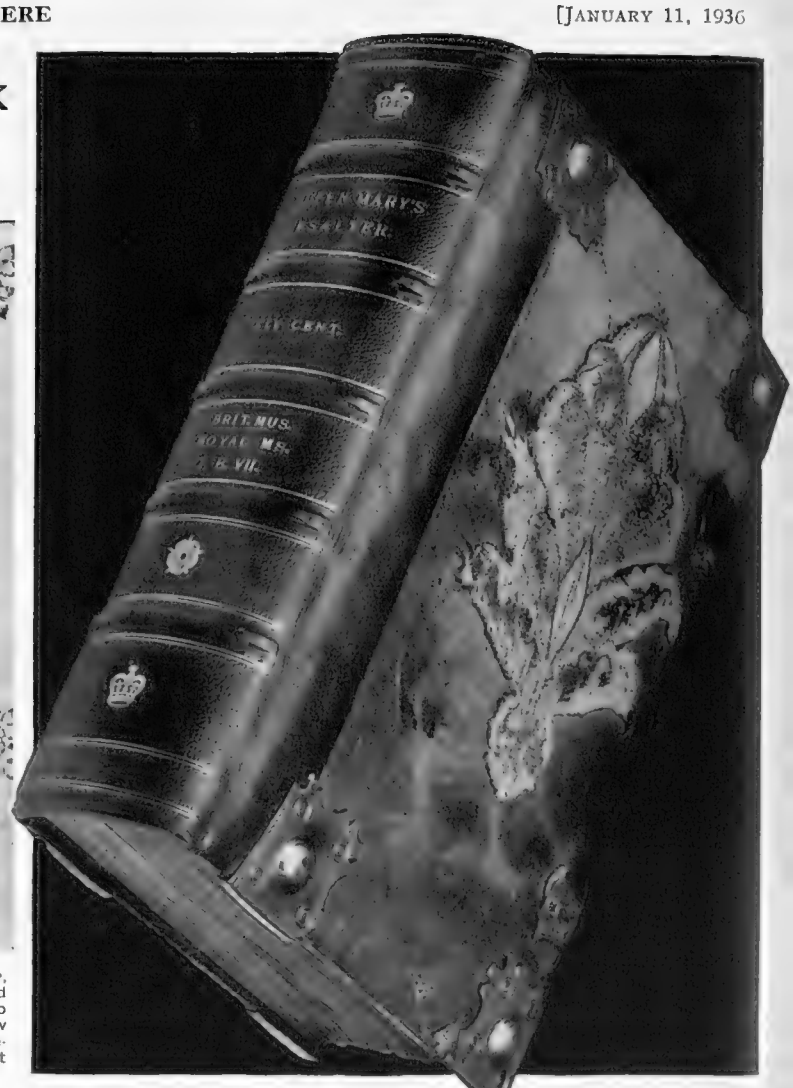
On left—WHEN THE LIGHT IS RED: Ernest Longstaffe, Harry Hemsley, Betty Askell, Hermione Gingold, John Rorke, Foster Richardson, and the chorus giving an Easter broadcast from a studio at Broadcasting House

A SUPER SET: The monster All Wave Radiogram which has nine valves, costs a hundred guineas, and receives United States programmes with the same clarity as European: one of the wonders of the last Radio Exhibition at Olympia where further advances in the production of receiving sets were again recorded

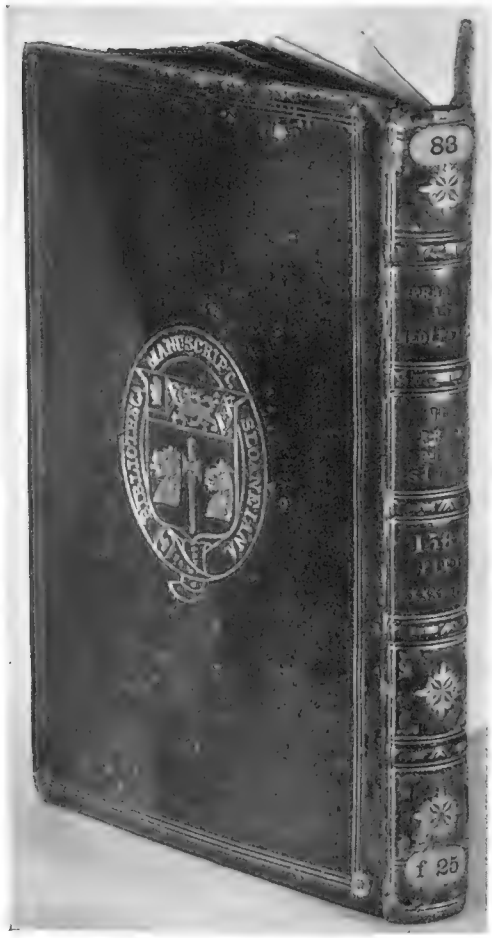
Mary Tudor's Tear-stained Prayer Book

And Another of the Tragic Queen's Treasured Possessions in the Keeping of the British Museum





THE LEGEND OF THE ARK: The famous Bible story illustrated in Mary Tudor's Psalter, an early fourteenth-century MS. which was presented to the Queen in 1553 and remained in possession of the Royal family until 1757, when George II presented it to the nation. It is of particular interest at this juncture as Mary is the subject of a new play by Wilfrid Grantham whose interpretation of her character has aroused widespread discussion. *On right* — The cover of the Psalter which, together with that shown below, is now published in a newspaper for the first time



"A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE": The little book of prayer and meditation which was much used by the Queen and was evidently a source of great comfort to her. The leaves bear indications of constant use, and if the volume is held loosely in the hands it opens naturally at pages 14 and 15 (*illustrated on right*); which are much worn and thumbmarked and bear the unmistakable imprint of tears

QUEEN MARY'S Psalter is well known and has no doubt been seen and admired by countless visitors to the British Museum, where several other famous Psalters are also preserved, while the Ormesby and Peterborough Psalters at Oxford and Brussels are equally noted for the richness and beauty of their decorative art. But, in the opinion of many of the experts, the Psalter of Mary Tudor stands above them all, and is considered to be almost unsurpassed for the loveliness of its coloured miniatures and the exquisite delicacy and craftsmanship of its line drawings.

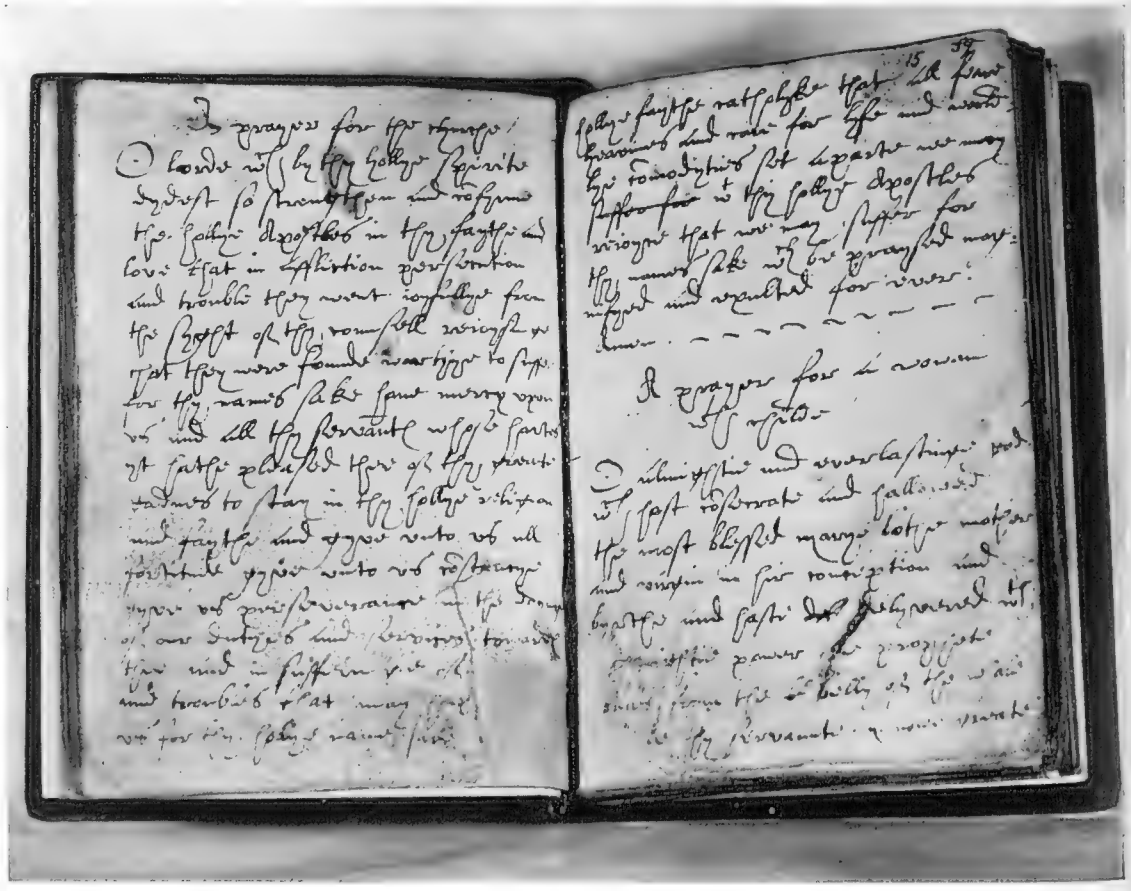
The MS. is said to date from the early fourteenth century, but there is no authentic record stating for whom it was actually executed, and no proof of ownership till the sixteenth century, when an inscription tells us "This boke was some tyme the Erle of Ruteland's and it was his wife that it shulde by succession all way go to the lands of Rutelands."

This injunction was however never carried out, for Henry Manners, Lord Roos, who succeeded to the title in 1543, was imprisoned on the accession of Mary Tudor, for having espoused the cause of Lady Jane Grey, and the Psalter, which was evidently being conveyed abroad, was seized by Baldwin Smith, a London Customs officer, and presented to Queen Mary in 1553. Thereafter it remained in the possession of the Queen and of her successors till 1757, when George II presented it to the nation with the rest of the library of St. James's Palace.

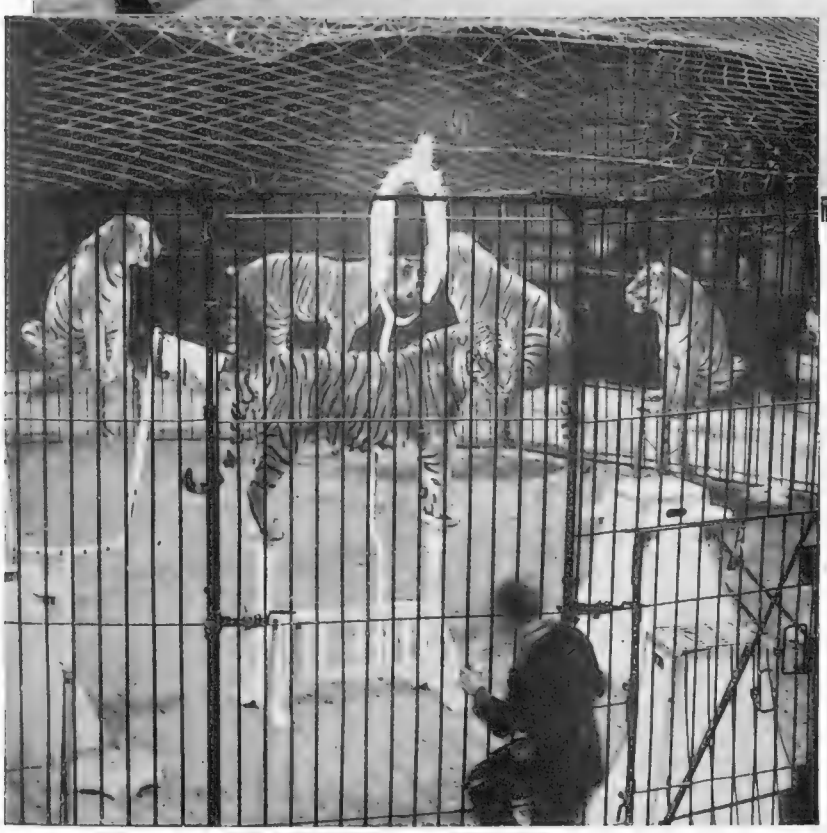
Of the original rich binding of red silk velvet, embroidered with the pomegranates, which were the device of Catherine of Aragon, only the sides remain, but the enchanting drawings which illustrate the history of the Old Testament, from the Fall of Lucifer till the death of King Solomon, as well as the sixteen coloured miniatures in the Litany have remained perfect and untouched by the passing years. The tinted drawings in the lower margins, portraying hunting and banqueting scenes, as well as long series of the miracles of the Virgin Mary, are also a delight, though one cannot help thinking that they must, owing to their diversity and charm, have made it rather difficult for pious readers to concentrate on their devotions.

Another Book of Prayer belonging to Mary Tudor is also preserved at the British Museum but, unlike the Psalter, is almost unknown to the general public. This is a small brown book with no rich binding, illuminated lettering, miniatures, or drawings to adorn it; a book of whose origin nothing is known, whose history, save that it was presented to the Museum with the rest of the "Sloane Collection," seems to be forgotten. And yet, when one holds that little brown book in one's hands, one has a queer sensation of something beyond this world, of being, in some mysterious way, in touch with the tortured, unhappy spirit of the woman who was Queen of England, the woman whose cruelty and persecutions earned her the unenviable title of "Bloody Mary."

(Continued on p. 72)



THE CIRCUS IS IN TOWN



THRILLS AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL: The tigers of Hagenbeck's Circus, whose spectacular jumping through burning hoops is one of the high lights of the show, and (*top of page*) Walter Kaden's intelligent troupe of eight elephants

On Right—THE CRAZY GANG: The clowns who, as usual, provide first-class entertainment at Bertram Mills' annual show at Olympia, now in its sixteenth year

On Left—LADY CLOWN: Dorothy Vardell making-up in her dressing-room before going on at the Crystal Palace Circus, where she is appearing with three other members of her family, including seventeen-year-old Rex Vardell, who is only 3 ft. 10 ins. tall

THE WORLD OF BOOKS:

Daphne du Maurier Tells the Story of the Cornish Wreckers: George Slocombe Behind the Scenes in Europe

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

JUST over a year ago, Miss Daphne du Maurier startled the literary and dramatic worlds with a biography of her father, so excellent, so "different"—combining as it did technical skill with the intimate touch—that it became an immediate success. Before that she had written two or three novels, the first of them very appealing, the others disappointingly commonplace. After the success of *Gerald* it was supposed, which shows that readers can be commonplace as well, that she would write the biography of her artist-grandfather, George du Maurier. Instead Miss du Maurier has cashed in (as the Americans do or don't say) with a novel, an adventure story in the real yo-ho-ho-and-a-bottle-of-rum tradition, about Cornish wreckers at the beginning of the last century.

"WOMAN IN A BLACK HAT": A pen-and-ink sketch by Sir David Wilkie, R.A., included in *English Drawings—An Anthology*, which has just been published by Chatto and Windus in their 5s. Life and Art in Photography series. Wilkie was born in 1785 and is known chiefly as an illustrator of Scottish character

JAMAICA INN (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) is not quite so exciting as it should be, and I confess that I do not quite know why. Certainly the theme is a far better, and a far more gruesome one than the conventional "boys' adventure book" of smugglers. These Cornish wreckers, who actually existed and were the chief reason for the creation of the coast-guard system, operated in the simplest and yet the most devilish way.

At the time when these men lived the coast of Cornwall was more treacherous than it is to-day. It was insufficiently charted, and the few lights were unreliable. The wreckers, nearly all local men with detailed knowledge of the coastline, its currents and rocks, would wait for a moonless night of high winds, and shine a bright lantern from the cliff above some particularly dangerous reef not far from an actual harbour. The ships, seeing what they imagined to be a guiding light on the jetty, or the harbour entrance, would make for it, and often, before they had time to realise their mistake would be pounded to pieces on the rocks. In the nights of gale which the wreckers chose, it would have been impossible, in any case, to turn the ship and steer a course into the wind, and out to the open sea, in time to avert the wreck.

Everything washed ashore from the wreck would be seized, and any of the few survivors murdered. Jamaica Inn, which still exists on the road between Launceston and Bodmin, as a temperance house, "hospitable and kindly," has been chosen by Miss du Maurier as the wreckers' headquarters in her reconstruction of the banditry of a hundred years ago.

That kind of realism which is largely brutality and squalor is vividly enough done in this book, and even in the slight love story which runs uncertainly through it, there is no place for the sympathy which made *The Loving Spirit* such a delightful first novel. The story is well told; it is clear, and even dramatic. Perhaps the author never meant it to be exciting.

"Ask the young, they know everything" is a disconcerting and possibly a very wise proverb. It is also, on the authority of Mr. W. B. Trites, a Chinese saying. In any case it applies well enough to Mr. Jerrard Tickell's novel, SEE HOW THEY RUN (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), which is essentially a novel of youth and of the great verities which seem to be known only to youth.

Nicola was twelve when she left post-war Vienna on the "famine train" for England and the school at which Colonel Lenke, her father, could just afford to keep her. Fortunately she was met at Victoria by a Miss Conroy, and Miss Conroy's nephew Peter, and since Miss Conroy was Irish, and as generous and understanding as the aunt of one's ideals would be, she soon adopted Nicola for the time she was to spend in England.

Nicola spent her holidays at Aunt Kathleen's Sussex home, and there she played tennis and swam, and refused proposals from the local young gentlemen, for she was both independent and beautiful. When Peter re-appeared on the scene she very properly fell in love with him, but her time in England was short, and when she left for Vienna, they had only just discovered it for themselves.

In Vienna, Nicola found her father dying of consumption and starvation. Peter seemed very far away, and she had no money of her own. So she married Count Otto von Muhlenthal, who was young, a friend of her father, and rich. He was also unfaithful in a really spectacular way, and when that blessed *intrigante* Aunt Kathleen wrote to Nicola that Peter was going to St. Anton for a ski-ing holiday, what more sensible than for Nicola to meet him there? They never left each other again, and the book ends on the high note of an idyll which is by far the best part of the story.

If this is a first novel, which I suspect, Mr. Tickell is to be congratulated upon a really fine achievement, and he is further to be congratulated upon receiving deservedly the first Book Society selection of 1936.

Yet another journalist, distinguished in his craft, has set a pen to autobiography. The post of foreign correspondent to a big newspaper has naturally brought Mr. George Slocombe into contact not only with the most stirring events in a post-war Europe, where history was being made in every capital, but with all the great figures in the cavalcade of dictators, revolutionaries, statesmen, and political buccaneers who were concerned in these dramatic events.

News in the journalistic sense has, of course, the immediate value of sensation, and the trained journalist has continually with him the problem of urgency, condensation, and interpretation. But it is not always the news, but sometimes the story behind the news, which bears the greater interest in its historical retrospect. In THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING (Heinemann. 15s.) Mr. George Slocombe can be found to have been present at the dramatic centre of every upheaval in post-war Europe. He deals not so much with events as with personalities, and through them interprets historic happenings with the extra clear light of an examination of character, motive, and immediate expediency.

Among the more intimate portraits is the tragic figure of the sculptor, Gaudier-Brzeska — a pre-war friend of the author. In the same vein he draws upon his peculiar knowledge of political exiles, each done from the hiding places which sheltered, in the days before their ascendancy, no less characters than Lenin, Trotsky, Mussolini, and Pilsudski.

Naturally enough the Peace Conference was full for him of dramatic interest and equally dramatic personalities. Then there are vivid pen pictures of Lloyd George at Spa and Genoa, Briand and Chamberlain at Locarno, Tchicherin in Moscow, Snowden and Henderson at The Hague, Litvinoff at Geneva, Ramsay MacDonald and his various excursions into the European scene, peace negotiations with Gandhi in an Indian prison, the fall of Alfonso, the birth pangs of the Spanish Republic, Hitler at the Brown House before his rise to power, the tragic little Dollfuss, the assassin Gorguloff.

Nevertheless, a catalogue such as this can convey only a general impression of a book written with speed and action, and telling with dramatic intensity the story behind the struggle for power, intrigues, the plots and counterplots, and with each a brilliant sketch of individual heroes and martyrs, demagogues and demigods—the world leaders of our time.

Books such as this are rare and invigorating—rare because the men who can write them have experience which is unique and limited to the small number of them; invigorating because of the light they shed upon the inner workings of history in the making.

Two such books have recently been very popular with the public—Mr. Vincent Sheehan's and Mr. Negley Farson's. Mr. George Slocombe's worthily ranks with these deserved successes but there the parallel must end, for it stands by itself as a fine achievement, and a book which every thinking man and woman, surveying the sick world of to-day, will read with intense interest.

If Mrs. Delany and the famous Fanny Burney had not been such close friends, we might have known more of the life, and particularly of the correspondence of the exquisite Mrs. Delany, but unhappily, in 1785 these two ladies went through all the papers and destroyed "anything of a private nature." An action commendably discreet at the time, but for which we are all the poorer now.

ASPASIA (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.) is an edition of the life and what letters have survived of Mrs. Delany, born Mary Granville, by Mr. C. E. Vulliamy, and it is, thanks to Mr. Vulliamy, an excellent picture of the period in which Queen Anne reigned and Dean Swift wrote the last of his witty letters. As for Mrs. Delany's letters, they have always, in my opinion, received more attention than they deserve. They are chiefly remarkable for their graphic descriptions, "the trees were *real* trees with *artificial* leaves," but the much applauded wit is difficult to discover, and there is no understanding of a life that did not have Longleat or Arlington Street or the Duchess of Portland's magnificent Bulstrode estate as a centre.

Taken superficially, and for the evident charm of the light note of *mondaine* garrulity, the letters are both easy and pleasant to read. It is Mr. Vulliamy's intelligent and sometimes inspired commentary that gives the book an entity, and a real value.

In the Print Room, however, at the British Museum, Mrs. Delany has her genuine memorial. There is a collection of hundreds of flower pictures of almost incredible delicacy, each done through the medium of scissors, paste, and a sheaf of coloured papers. "Mrs. Delany did not draw the plant, but by her eye . . . cut out each flower as they appeared: the lights and shades and tints were likewise all cut out and laid on, being pasted one over the other . . . But that part of her work which appears ever likely to remain a mystery, is the way in which, by the eye alone, scissors could be directed to cut out the innumerable parts necessary to complete the outline and shading of every leaf, flower, and stem, without a fault in perspective or in the most difficult foreshortening."

Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Vulliamy tells us, admired these "floral mosaics," and looked on them as works of a beautiful applied art, and botanists admired them as "the most accurate of all botanical reproductions."

Mrs. Delany died in London in 1788, having broken down, according to the quizzical author, "under the strain of Royal patronage. It was very pleasant, a great honour, but rather too exciting for the old lady."

Horace Walpole composed her epitaph, "and, although she would have considered his praise too excessive, she would have been delighted by his elegance."

A PROMISING YOUNG NOVELIST: Eleanor Dark, whose book, *Return to Coolami*, has recently been issued by William Collins, Sons, and Co., and has as its setting the beautiful town of Katoomba in the Blue Mountains of New South Wales. She is the daughter of Dowell O'Reilly, a well-known Australian author and politician

A BOOK LIST

HURST & BLACKETT.—THE DEATH WEED. By Lee Thayer. 7s. 6d. TURKISTAN REUNION. By Eleanor Holgate Lattimore. Illustrated. 16s. GOLLANCZ.—DARKNESS AND DAWN. By Alexei Tolstoi. Translated by Edith Bone and Emile Burns. 8s. 6d. THE MUSIC LOVER'S MISCELLANY. Selected and Edited by Eric Blom. 7s. 6d. FOREIGNERS OR THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL. By Theodora and Betty Askwith. Illustrated by Nicolas Bentley. 6s. A NURSERY IN THE NINETIES. By Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. GRAYSON & GRAYSON.—THE ENCHANTED SPRING. By Clive Arden. 7s. 6d. PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL. Edited by Brian Grayson. 10s. 6d. ANTHROPOLOGICAL REPORT ON A LONDON SUBURB. By Vladimir Chernichewski. Edited by Charles Duff. 2s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—TARABAS: A GUEST ON EARTH. By Joseph Roth. 7s. 6d. WORLD UNDER SNOW. By D. K. Broster and G. Forester. 7s. 6d. ON A HUGE HILL. By J. D. Beresford. 7s. 6d. CHILDREN ALONE. By Elizabeth Sprigge. 7s. 6d. METHUEN.—THE VIENNESE HAT. By Cecilie Leslie. 7s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—THE GREAT HOTEL MURDER. By Vincent Starrett. 7s. 6d. JARROLDS.—RIPE BREADFRUIT. By Armine von Tempski. 7s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—THE CASES OF SUSAN DARE. By Mignon G Eberhart. 7s. 6d. HARRAP.—"SEÑOR BURKY": The Adventurous Life-story of William P. Burke. 8s. 6d. OLD THEATRE DAYS AND WAYS. By W. J. Lawrence. Illustrated. 15s. JONATHAN CAPE LTD.—SOUTH COUNTRY FISHERMAN. By Lancelot Peart. Illustrated. 8s. 6d MACMILLAN.—GOOD MORNING GOOD MORNING. By Ian Rankine. 7s. 6d. MAGDALENA. By Helen Douglas Irvine. 7s. 6d. A VISIT TO AMERICA. By A. G. Macdonnell. 7s. 6d.

Personalities in the Limelight

Mr. Cosgrave Goes Hunting—Sir Percy Vincent Sees the Christmas Postal Rush—Judge Tobin Retires

POLITICIAN AND SPORTSMAN: Ex-President Cosgrave, Opposition leader in the Irish Free State, pictured with the Rev. Dr. O'Keefe at a meet of harriers at Lucan Spa, near Dublin. Mr. Cosgrave is also a keen follower of the Ward Union, another pack hunting near the capital

THE P.M.G. ENTERTAINS THE LORD MAYOR: Major G. C. Tryon, the new Postmaster General, entertained Sir Percy Vincent at the Mount Pleasant sorting office. The Lord Mayor saw the Christmas rush of mails being dealt with. This holiday all records were broken by the Post Office, and in London alone it was estimated that the average number of parcels delivered daily was in the neighbourhood of 350,000

IN THE NEW YEAR HONOURS LIST: Lieut.-Colonel Francis Claude Shelmerdine, C.I.E., O.B.E., F.R.Ae.S., Director General of Civil Aviation at the Air Ministry since 1934, who receives a knighthood. He has served with distinction in the Army and the R.A.F.

THE NEW MARQUESS OF READING who succeeded to the title last week on the death of his father, the 1st Marquess. He was educated at Rugby and Balliol, Oxford, and is a barrister. He married the eldest daughter of the 1st Lord Melchett in 1914

TO FIGHT APATHY: The Rev. Richard Parson, Vicar of Oxhey, who has been appointed to the onerous position of Director of Religious Education in England and Wales and one of whose many tasks it is to enquire into methods of instruction in schools and universities

G.O.M.: His Honour Judge Sir Alfred Tobin, Judge of Westminster County Court since 1919, who celebrated his eightieth birthday on Boxing Day and is now retiring after a distinguished career. He was called to the Bar fifty-five years ago, and from 1910 to 1915 was Member of Parliament for Preston. In 1930 he was appointed Treasurer of the Middle Temple

CAFÉ CAMEO: A glimpse of life in old Seville, the Andalusian capital

GENTLE ANDALUSIA

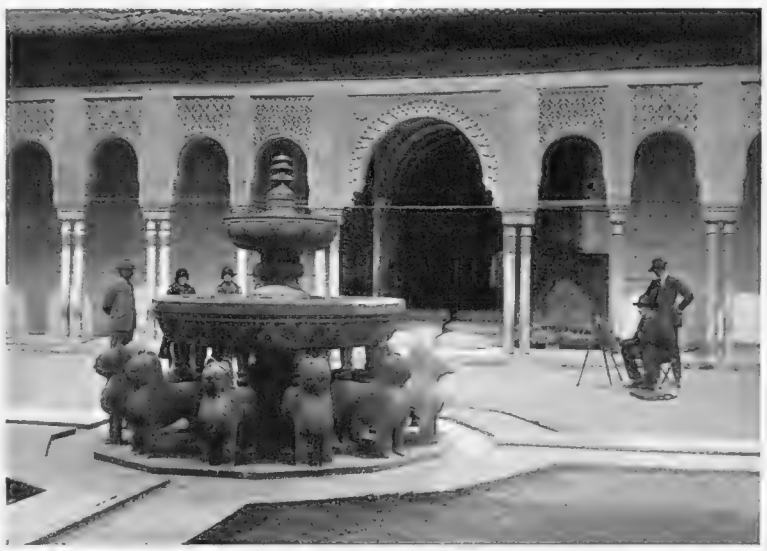
Some Places in the Sun in Southern Spain

ANDALUSIA is Spain's most southerly province. The Andalusians are soft spoken people, graceful in their bearing, courteous, not caring a great deal about the glittering prizes which life has to offer to those who are perpetually in a hurry, but with a sense of the value of leisure such as few of us in the north are lucky enough to possess. Wherever one goes, at whatever time of day, there always seems to be a large proportion of the local population with no more immediately important occupation than sitting in the sun and drinking coffee. That the coffee is not generally very good is beside the point: the visitor who wants to make the most of his opportunities will in any case ask for "vino de Jerez" and will be given something which, although it does not closely resemble sherry as we know it at home, is deliciously light and fragrant and appropriate. He will also be given the strangest imaginable assortment of things to eat with it, ranging from the familiar olive to lumps of cold chicken liver on a stick.

Even in Jerez itself the sherry tastes different from what it does in England, except for the samples which are pressed on you when you visit one of the great *bodegas*, where it is made. Going to a *bodega* is a worth while experience; you are shown every stage in the preparation of sherry, from the grapes being pressed to the bottles being filled. Most interesting, perhaps, is the blending, and it is not often that you get the opportunity to taste at one sitting every shade of colour in the sherry spectrum, from palest yellow to the darkest brown. You may emerge from it feeling slightly dazed, but there is not very much sight-seeing in Jerez that calls for concentration, except for amateurs of baroque architecture. These must on no account fail to go to the Cartuja, formerly a monastery, now a grass grown ruin, but with its superb façade intact. It is about two miles outside Jerez, on the road to Medina Sidonia.

Jerez itself can be conveniently reached either from Algeciras or Seville. Algeciras is one of those places which you just would not believe in if you saw them painted on a musical comedy backcloth. The flowers are too brilliant, the palm trees too luxuriant, the sea and sky too deep a blue, the mountains of North Africa too close across the straits for any of it to be convincing. It must be heavenly to spend a honeymoon there.

Seville has the happy faculty of being all things to all men, which is the hall-mark of a really great city. From the moment you have learnt to find your way about its streets, from the cathedral to the Alameda de Hercules (not really such a difficult feat as it seems at a first attempt), Seville is whatever you would most like it to be—gay or wistful, romantic or alive, and resilient with the vitality of modern Spain: whatever your mood, Seville shares it, like a place which you have known all your life. The cathedral is a marvellous building—the best example to be found anywhere of the peculiar richness of Spanish Gothic. The dome collapsed in 1888, and the restoration that was made necessary by this bears unmistakably the marks of nineteenth-century taste, but fortunately this does not destroy the general effect, and the cathedral remains one of the greatest treasure-houses in Europe. Seville is always said to be at its best at Easter time, when there are all sorts of religious processions and ceremonies (these go on despite the anti-clerical sympathies of which so much was heard in the early days of the Republic), and when the annual fair takes place. Certainly, the city is always packed with visitors then, both foreign and Spanish. The hotels are filled to overflowing; the streets, through every hour of day and night, look as though they would not hold another person. . . . Actually, Seville is delightful at any time of year, except midsummer when it is very hot there.



THE FILIGREE IN MOORISH ARCHITECTURE: One of the beautiful, cool, garden courts of the Alhambra at Granada

Andalusia covers a large territory, and its charms are by no means confined to Algeciras and the broad plain of the Guadalquivir, in which Seville lies. Ronda, a small inland hill town, about midway between Jerez and Malaga, should be seen by every traveller. It is very old; it is divided into two by a deep gorge, and it has a very beautifully designed bull ring; the oldest bull ring in Spain. It is easily accessible by motor coach or motor car, and it *can* be reached by train. But cross-country train journeys in southern Spain are not to be recommended to anybody who values his time.

Malaga is generally considered the best centre from which to see most of the interesting places in southern Spain. Many people go there for the whole winter, and it certainly has the merit of being the warmest place. Ronda in winter is definitely too cold to stop at. Jerez can be quite cold on occasion, too. Granada, which is fairly close to Malaga, and during the Mediterranean cruising season a tourists' Mecca, gets a bitter wind blowing down on to it from the snows of the Sierra Nevada on some days in January. But early spring in the gardens of the Alhambra is indescribably lovely.

Finally must be mentioned Cordova, away to the north-east of Seville. In many ways it resembles Seville, but the Moorish influence is more marked, and the great mosque with its thousand slender pillars and black and white arches is one of the finest buildings of its kind in the world.

Early spring is really the ideal season for everywhere in Andalusia; the whole countryside, which later in the year will be burnt up and arid, suddenly emerges from winter decked in wild flowers; the air is soft and fresh and clear, while the mountain tops are still capped with snow. At that moment there can be nowhere more beautiful in the world.

A. G.

ANDALUSIAN MELODY: Gay señoritas driving through the streets on a decorated car during the annual fête of "Romerio Bel Rocio" in Seville

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

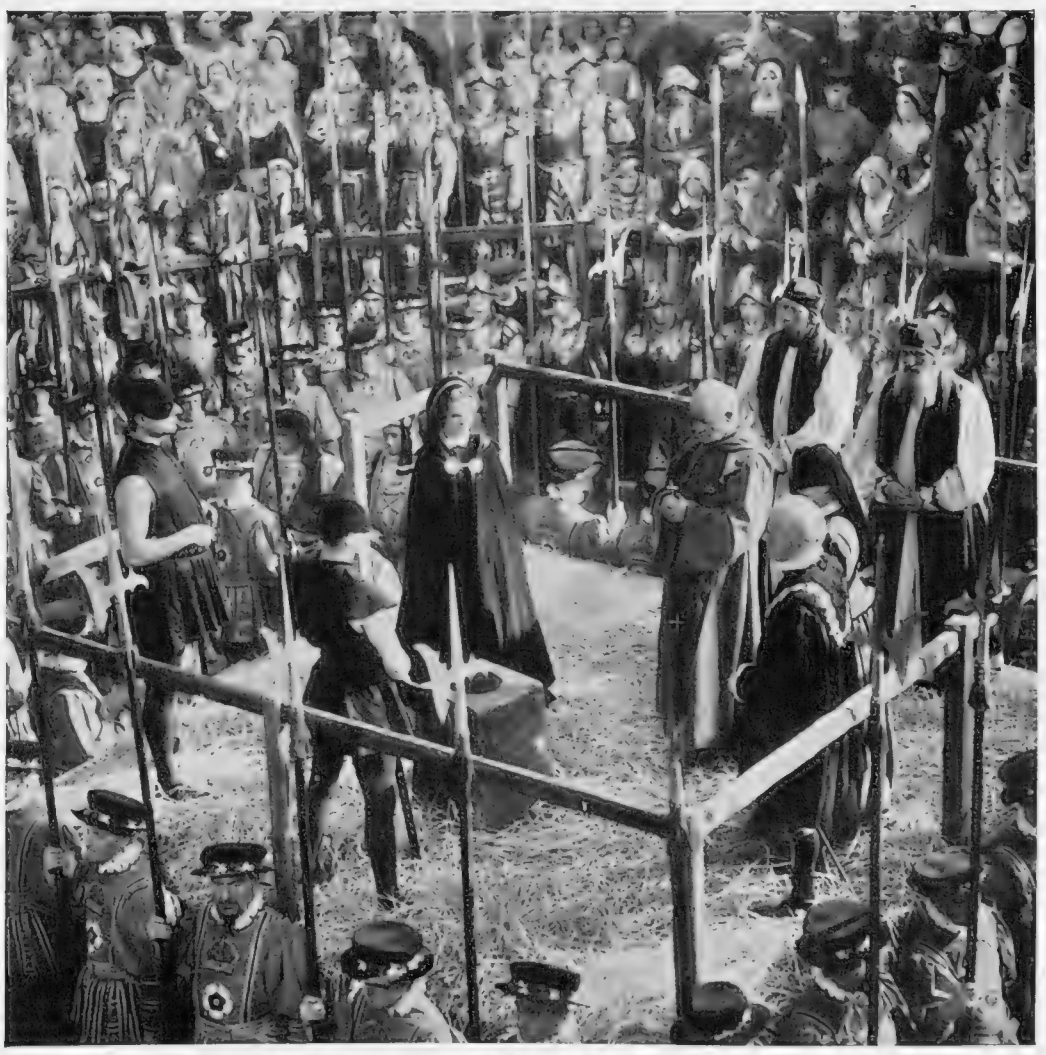
THE VOGUE for the COSTUME FILM

Three British Historical Productions

ROBERT DONAT AS MURDOCH GLOURIE IN "THE GHOST GOES WEST": The old chieftain's son who is killed in battle and thereafter haunts the ancestral castle, even when centuries later the castle is removed, stone by stone, to America after being acquired by millionaire Joe Martin (Eugene Pallitte) (*centre on right*). Donat here duplicates most effectively the parts of the ghost and the impoverished, living representative of the Glouries

A HIGHLAND FEUD: The head of the Glourie family (Morton Selten) vows vengeance on the Maclagens after being insulted by them—one of the opening episodes in *The Ghost Goes West*, the remarkable film, directed by René Clair and produced by Alexander Korda, which is now enjoying a successful run at the Leicester Square Theatre

THE KING AND HIS FAVOURITE: Owen Nares (Louis XV) and Gitta Alpar (Madame Dubarry) in *I Give My Heart*, the screen version of the musical comedy, *The Dubarry*, which will be presented next week at the Regal



THE EXECUTION OF A QUEEN: The last moments of Lady Jane Grey on Tower Hill as depicted in the new picture, *Lady Jane Grey*, which Robert Stevenson has lately completed at the Gainsborough studios. Sixteen-year-old Nova Pilbeam plays the title role and an exceedingly strong cast includes Sybil Thorndike as the Queen's maid, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Mary Tudor, and John Mills as Lord Guildford Dudley

PAVLOVA THE INCOMPARABLE: The great dancer to whom a memorial in the shape of a fountain designed by Carl Milles, the Swedish sculptor, is to be erected in the Rose Garden in Regent's Park. A sum of over £30,000 is required for this work, and it is hoped to raise a part of the money by a Gala Première on January 23 at the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, where a complete film record of Pavlova's dancing is to be shown under the title of *The Immortal Swan*

THE STAGE IN 1935:

I HAVE just turned up a pontifical article by an author of Weight and Standing, according to which "in five years time few if any London theatres will be open at all; the films will have conquered completely (as they should, and inevitably must, conquer) and the so-called legitimate stage will stand in much the same relation as does a sedan-chair to a modern motor car."

That was written in 1929, and as the writer is still a man of Standing and of even more Weight, I will not reveal his name, the Christmas spirit still, as it were, hanging over. But six years have now passed, and in what state do we see the London theatre? Well, it has not yet found its Sedan. The pessimists point to unemployment and to those poor stragglers of the stage who put their heads in gas-ovens—a process, it should be remembered, not confined to the theatrical profession. The unsuccessful are always with us and the stage is more over-crowded than ever it was.

Yet that is not in itself an indication of the lack of general prosperity. The theatre has not only refused most obstinately to die; it has not even begun to fade away. I would write down 1935 as a good year on the whole—and would indulge in no rash pontification.

There was one period of disappointment — the Jubilee. Managers were rubbing their hands in delighted anticipation. Theatres would be packed by those who were thronging to London with pockets bulging with money, and souls bulging with patriotism and the desire to make merry. The crowds were there right enough, and the money and the patriotism and the merry-making. But the money was spent, and the merriment made *outside* the theatre. Indeed, in many cases the money was saved, since the crowds paraded the streets to look at the decorations the theatre having no rival more serious than a free show elsewhere.

I have heard it said that it takes a really good war to bring definite prosperity to the theatre; certainly from 1914 to 1918 plays of incredible foolishness ran for months and even years, and the boom was "for the duration." The next European catastrophe is likely, however, to be a matter of bombs rather than booms, and the tired soldier home from the front will find no song-and-dance show to enliven him; for home will be the front and the front home and, as the late Herbert Campbell used to sing, we shall "all be in it, fairly in it." But I anticipate gloomily. And, please God, erroneously.

There have been, and are, some long runs. The end of *The Wind and the Rain* is only now in sight, though this cannot fairly be considered a 1935 success, since it is a survivor from the remoteness of 1933. That brilliant young Scot, Merton Hodge, may well be proud of himself and need not be daunted by the comparative failure of his second play, *Grief Goes Over*, which ran not much more than a month; for it had plenty of good stuff in it, and it is with no idea of wishing to pose as an original that I say that I liked it better. *Sweet Aloes* is another pre-1935 winner. It is a well-constructed play, with slabs of sentimentality and a leavening of humour, for which I could have prophesied—were I foolish enough ever to prophesy—a lucrative six months or so. But it has over a year to its credit. Anyone who starts to analyse reasons for phenomenal success in the theatre is wasting his time.

Michael Egan's *The Dominant Sex*, a most pleasant comedy, is another long-liver, and I congratulate its most pleasant author. The vogue of *Lady Precious Stream*, which has brought a welcome touch of chinoiserie to the neighbourhood of the Adelphi, and something even more welcome to the exchequer of the People's National Theatre, is to me a complete mystery. Not because there are any shortcomings in this little play but because it is so completely beautiful. *Love on the Dole*, on the other hand, is almost completely grim and proves the surprising fact that Labour questions of the most unrelenting type can win public support in the theatre if properly treated.

All these successes, differing so widely in type, show both the catholicity of the London theatregoer's tastes and the fact that it is not "tripe" that flourishes. That is cause for joy and for hope. Not so very long ago it was only the footling farce that ran for years and years. A possible explanation is that the cinema is absorbing the tripe-lovers, and that the theatre-public (in as far as there is no overlapping) is growing, if not very much larger, at least rather more intelligent.

Miss Dodie Smith is probably the most consistently triumphant of our dramatists, and her 1935 contribution, *Call It a Day*, is, I think, her best play. She has not yet written a poor one, and this is superior even to *Touch Wood* and *Autumn Crocus*. She has killed "C. L. Antony" and brought to life an ever-increasing following by saying simple things simply and *in terms of the theatre*. Her "naturalism"

STILL GOING STRONG: Clifford Mollison and Lupino Lane in that entertaining musical comedy, *Twenty to One*, which is enjoying a great success at the Coliseum

is only apparent, and is always subordinate to her uncanny sense of the stage. And she is utterly unpretentious. A very wise and very profitable recipe.

Night Must Fall, murder treated in a novel and subjective way, is another fine 1935 product. Mr. Emlyn Williams is more than promising, for he has most decidedly achieved, and as he is an actor too and a good one, I see him well on the way to treading the Noel Coward path. The success of this play at the Duchess may compensate him for the failure of what I considered a most beautiful effort of the Shakespearean period — *Spring 1600*. I believe that play might have had a longer innings had it not been that many people were convinced that the title was a telephone number. Another good murder play, though not quite so good, has been *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*, which owes much to the fine performance of Mr. Leslie Banks.

The best comedy—alas for our patriots!—is in a double sense

PANTOMIME IN THE MIDLANDS: Billie Houston (*left*), the cat, and Renee Houston (*right*) in *The Babes in the Wood*, which is drawing vast audiences of adults and children to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham. Douglas Byng is also in the cast

REALITY IN MAKE-UP: Charles Laughton spent his Christmas holidays at his home town, Scarborough, and is pictured here with his brother, Tom (*centre*) and Jimmy Jack (the band leader) trying his hand on the xylophone at the Pavilion. Note the moustache which Laughton is cultivating for his part as Cyrano de Bergerac in his new film

The Theatre Continues to Hold its Own with the Cinema: Some Notable Successes of the Year: The Vogue for Twice-Nightly Musical Comedy

DISCUSSED BY

Philip Page

an importation. For *Tovarich* was written by a Frenchman, and has been adapted by an American. It is little short of perfect, and it is quite perfectly acted by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Miss Leontovich, Mr. Francis L. Sullivan (as an unforgettably evil Bolshevik), that polished veteran, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, and, indeed, by the whole of the exceptionally brilliant cast at the Lyric. At the Apollo, next door, Mr. Walter Hackett has given us in *Espionage* an ingenious play, well up to the Hackett standard, and affording more scope than ever to Miss Marion Lorne to the obvious delight of that lady's considerable public.

"Scotland for ever" has been upheld by Mr. James Bridie, whose other self, Dr. Mavor, is not after all, it seems, to immerse himself in politics. His *The Black Eye* was not, I think, up to *The Anatomist* and certainly not up to *Tobias*, and it did not last long at the Shaftesbury, for all that it had the valuable advantage of being presented by Mr. C. B. Cochran. None the less, Mr. Bridie is an interesting figure and is not afraid to try experiments. His plan in *The Black Eye* of letting his characters step before the curtain and tell the audience what is going on in their own brains is not, however, quite new. The Greeks had a word for it.

Sir James Barrie is to break a long silence next month with a new play to be produced in Edinburgh (which is Scottish) for the exploitation of the genius of Miss Elisabeth Bergner (who is not Scottish). The scenery is being designed by Mr. Augustus John (who is Welsh) and a leading part will be taken by Sir John Martin-Harvey (who is English).

Mr. Cochran's musical production of 1935 has been *Anything Goes*, still running at the Palace. I saw this in New York early in the year, and the reproduction has been well and truly made. In that Mr. Sydney Howard—to my mind an irresistible comedian—is in the English cast, I prefer the Palace version. I also regretted the disappearance from the cast of Mlle Jeanne Aubert. Mr. Peter Haddon is first-rate and Miss Adele Dixon has vastly improved, for she acts better and smiles less, though there is still too much smiling.

After a period of fair to moderate musical comedies at the Gaiety, 1935 gave us a first-rate entertainment of its type in *Seeing Stars*. This still flourishes, with Mr. Leslie Henson as the chief attraction; that it would be, to me, unthinkable without Mr. Henson is not to say that Miss Florence Desmond, with a good song and her brilliant mimicry, and Miss Louise Browne, who dances so well, are not considerable assets. Twice-nightly musical comedy has also become the fashion, and the Coliseum and the Alhambra Theatres continue to fill their vast spaces most comfortably with *Twenty to One* and *Tulip Time* respectively.

Of spectacular musical entertainment there was a conspicuously triumphant example in Mr. Ivor Novello's *Glamorous Night* at Drury Lane (Mr. Novello is also the author of that frothy but popular play, *Full House*, at the Haymarket) and a conspicuously lamentable one in *Royal Exchange*, in which Mr. Ramon Novarro appeared at His Majesty's. *Infandum renovare dolorem* . . . but I really do not see one single reason why that production should have succeeded.

Historical burlesque is usually a risky card to play, but *1066 and All That* has turned up trumps at the Strand; it owed much to that clever comedian, Mr. Charles Heslop, now pantomiming next door at the Lane.

Among new dramatists have been Mr. Robert Morley, whose *Short Story* at the Queen's provides pretty good material for Miss Marie Tempest and is proving popular. But it is no great shakes as a play, and Mr. Morley has, I think, still to win his spurs.

The Hitler regime in Germany has had its effect on the London stage, and in some instances our traditional hospitality in such matters has, perhaps, been carried to excess. But Miss Lucie Mannheim continues to display versatility in *Nina* at the Criterion. Miss Grete Mosheim, an actress of the same type, was not so successful at the St. James's, where she was handicapped by a play of exceptional imbecility, entitled *Two Share a Dwelling*. It is also to the activities of Herr Hitler that the appearance shortly of Ernst Deutsch, an actor with a big mid-European reputation, in *Page from a Diary* at the Garrick is due. The Garrick has been the scene of the venture of a new actress-manageress, Miss Aileen Marson, whose performance in *Vicky* was admirable, though the play was far from right. I trust Miss Marson is not unduly discouraged. She can act.

Finally, Shakespeare. In addition to productions at the Old Vic, and under the open skies, and Mr. Sydney Carroll in Regent's Park (which we are apt, I fear, to take for granted) we have what promises to be a memorable and even historic revival of *Romeo and Juliet* at the New, with Mr. John Gielgud, Mr. Laurence Olivier, and Miss Peggy Ashcroft. When a Shakespeare play is one of London's biggest money-makers—to put forward no more poetical reason—there is surely little cause for despondency.

On left—THE FLYING BALLET: One of the highlights of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, this year's spectacular pantomime production at Drury Lane

A PEERESS IN PANTO: Lovely Oriel Ross (Countess Poulett), who was married last summer and is now making her stage come-back as Jack in *Jack and the Beanstalk* at the Palace, Manchester. She co-stars with Victoria Hopper

FLASHES from the World of Fashion

□

GLOVES of softest suede, dusted with millions of tiny spangles in gold or silver on pastel or black grounds. They are elbow length, and look particularly well with tailored cocktail suits or evening tailleurs.

EVENING bandeaux—tiaras more accurately—of mother-o'-pearl leaves, tinted in delicate flower shades or gleaming through bronze, gold, or silver.

STOCKINGS and shoes in a deep wine colour to go with the new tweeds. Also dark green stockings to be worn with green or brown, and navy blue stockings, superfine.

FOR the afternoon, very fine silk stockings with threads drawn out from top to toe so that they look as though they are entirely composed of fine hemstitching. Also net stockings, as delicate as a cobweb.

ROPES of chenille, in three bright colours, twisted around the neck of a jersey frock, the ends swinging and weighted with bone balls. Belt similarly fastened.

BELTS with plaques of imitation ivory elaborately carved and of Chinese inspiration. Long wide sleeves, Mandarin hats, and swathed sashes from the same source.

BUTTONHOLES of mixed flowers, like a country posy. Mignonette, pinks, moss roses, bachelor buttons, and the like, closely massed together.

With a truly magnificent quill in rust and black, curving down the front of the shoulder, this black felt hat has a debonair brim swept up sharply across the front with the quill forming a bandeau. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W.

Here is something new in the way of costume jewellery. Enamelled rings in black or vivid colours, set on gilt, the bracelet, clip, and ear-clips all designed on massive lines. From Harrods, of Knightsbridge

EVENING HEAD-DRESSES of gold-braided lamé with a large halo in iridescent mother-o'-pearl

BONE buttons that are faithful representations of Father Noah, four down the front of a woollen frock with an animal-patterned silk scarf—black on yellow—all the animals in pairs, of course!

TO wear with your new Spring suit—a beautifully cut silk blouse, lime green in colour, gaily patterned with stencilled butterflies. And a host of brightly printed three-cornered scarves, negligently knotted at the throat.

EXQUISITELY coloured handkerchiefs, very large, worn over the hair at night, just as one used to wear fascinators. Or made in wool, riotously embroidered with brilliant flowers, for winter sports enthusiasts.

VEILS that are more important than the hats they adorn. Some are circular and are worn over the hair with a tiny bonnet or cap perched on top of them; others stand out from one side only; yet others are made in wool and worn close over the eyes, like a Venetian mask, or are tied to the hat with cords.

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THE MONTE CARLO CALENDAR

Winter Season, 1936

JAN. 26	MONTE CARLO OPERA SEASON opens with Wagner's "Ring."
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.
FEB. 16	Tennis Competition for the Cup presented by T.S.H. Princess Antoinette and Prince Rainier of Monaco.
FEB. 19	Music—LISZT FESTIVAL, Conducted by George Georgesco.
FEB. 20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—Sporting Club Challenge Cup.
FEB. 21	Classical Concert with Mlle. Erica Morini.
FEB. 22	Monte Carlo Opera—Gala Performance and Charity Ball.
FEB. 24–MARCH 1	MONTE CARLO COUNTRY CLUB—GRAND INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT.
FEB. 27	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Rivett-Carnac" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 1	Winter Sports—Annual Downhill Race at La Colmiane.
MARCH 4	Berlioz' Requiem, Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 5	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Walter de Frece" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 6	Music—GALA CONCERT, Conducted by RICHARD STRAUSS.
MARCH 8	Winter Sports—Monte Carlo Ski Club Relay Race at Beuil.
MARCH 19–20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP.
MARCH 25	CLASSICAL CONCERT, with MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 27	GRAND RECITAL by MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 28	INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.
APRIL 1	GALA CONCERT, with MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 2	Monte Carlo Theatre—OPENING OF THE BALLET SEASON.

THE MONTE CARLO MUSIC SEASON continues throughout April, during which month KREISLER will appear on two occasions. THE OPERA SEASON runs until the end of March, and amongst other distinguished Singers who will be heard are LILY PONS, AUTORI and CHALIAPINE. The Comedy and Operetta season also continues until the end of March at the Théâtre des Beaux Arts.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the beginning of April—the programme for January has already been published in earlier editions of the Calendar.)

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare £19 5s.
Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d.
Return Sleeper £8 17s. 10d.

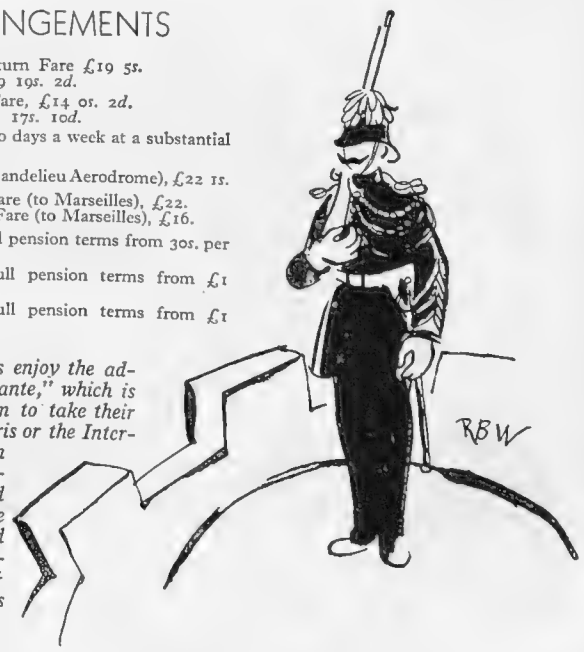
30-day Tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.

SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies



THE PETROL WORLD

Out with a Humber Vogue Saloon — The Danger of the Dirty Windscreen — Vagaries of the Taxi-driver

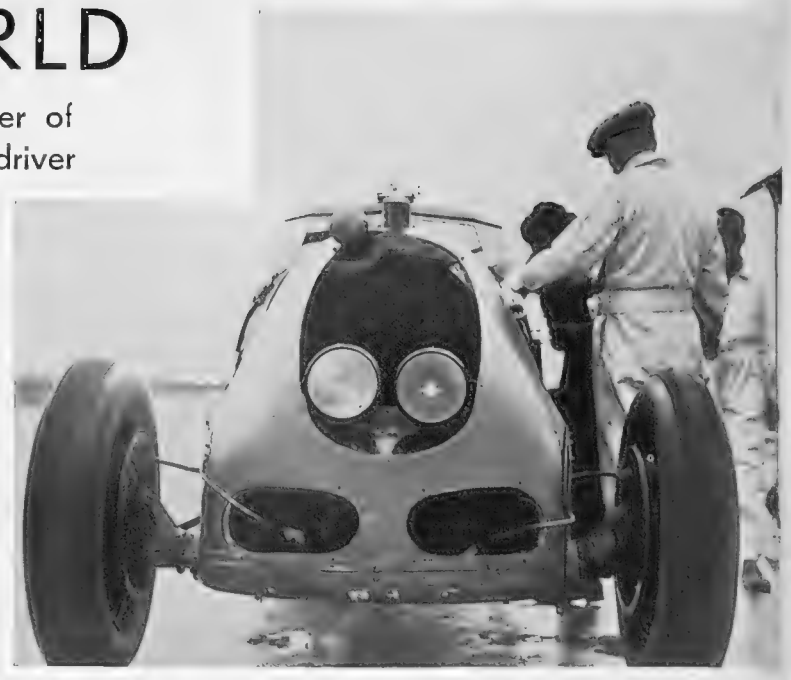
By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

THERE is scarcely a more honoured name than Humber amongst motoring manufacturers and there are few British makers who started making motor cars before the firm of Humber, Limited, was established. Many of their competitors have had their ups and downs, as far as the quality of their products has been concerned but, for as long as my memory serves me, I cannot recall Humbers ever turning out a poor or second-rate model. When I fixed up recently to try one of their latest Twelves I knew that when it was handed over to me I would enjoy the test run. The actual car which was placed at my disposal was a Vogue saloon. This particular car is definitely distinctive, even to look at. There may be some people who might not fall in love with its appearance, but the majority of motorists, and would-be motorists, are definitely attracted by its pleasing lines. The outstanding feature of the car, as far as its appearance is concerned, is the provision of a particularly long window on each side. This window has no pillar from the windscreen to a point level with the back seats, with the result that the people carried inside have a truly wonderful view of the countryside as it flashes past. In addition, a well-thought-out scheme of ventilation is provided, and I found from experience during the two very cold days that the car was in my possession that the interior of the car can be filled with a fresh supply of air without the occupants being exposed to any draughts.

Whilst talking about the body I would like to mention that the seats are more than usually comfortable. Of course this car is not what one might call in the low-priced class considering its horse-power, but its performance and the degree of comfort which it imparts makes it definitely good value for money.

The engine is a 4-cylinder power unit, having a cubic capacity of $1\frac{1}{2}$ litres. Although comparatively small in size I learn that it develops 42 h.p. when turning over at 3,800 revolutions per minute. The specification of the engine includes a three-bearing crankshaft and a down-draught carburetter. I found that this engine had very gentlemanly manners but was truly powerful. Throughout its range of speed it ran smoothly, like a sewing machine. The equipment does not include an engine revolution counter but on more than one occasion I felt that I must be ill-treating the power unit because the revs. were what I considered very high. Still, the smoothness continued and the engine apparently was quite content to turn over at a very fast rate.

The driving position was admirable and the controls were found to be conveniently placed and easy and certain in operation. To start with, gear-changing is ridiculously easy. All gears are made on the synchro-mesh principle and so, no matter what change is effected, either up or down, no noise results. Another control which impressed itself on me was the brake lever. Contrary to the usual practice, this was hidden somewhere behind the facia board with the lever hanging downwards. Needless to say this arrangement prevents this necessary control forming any obstruction to the driver's freedom of movement. The steering was delightfully easy, yet certain in action, and the brakes were well up to their work and could be applied without much effort. The suspension of the car was distinctly good, and when I give that opinion I would like to remind readers that all the time I drove the car there were no more than two people in it.



ADVENTURE ON THE TRACK: The car in which Captain Eyston attempted to beat all world records on Monthléry track last week. His co-driver, Mr. Denly, narrowly escaped death when the offside front wheel came off as he was travelling at over 100 m.p.h. Happily the track was dry and Mr. Denly was able to stop the car without mishap

Mr. Barré Lyndon, who in conjunction with Mr. George Eyston, recently wrote and published a book, entitled *Motor Racing and Record Breaking*, has been prolific enough to issue another interesting book on motor racing called *Grand Prix*. This book gives a graphic and exciting description of all the big car races held in 1935, and in particular dwells on the outstanding performances of M.G. cars in those events. Other people have written books on motor racing, but I do not know anyone who is more accurate and yet entertaining in the description of motoring events than Mr. Barré Lyndon. He has produced more volumes on this subject than any other writer and yet each book is different and is as readable, if not more so, as the last. I would certainly advise every person interested in motor racing to have a copy of *Grand Prix*.

LUBRICANT EN MASSE: Part of the huge consignment of lubricating oil for the giant turbines of R.M.S. *Queen Mary*, en route from the Vacuum Oil Company's works at Birkenhead. During Christmas week over 23,000 galls. of this oil were pumped into the liner's tanks. The convoy is seen passing the famous citadel in Carlisle

The number of accidents on the road fluctuates within fairly narrow limits week by week, and it looks as if the various new regulations for the control of motorists are not having the effect that was anticipated in certain quarters. It appears to me that many things could still be done to improve matters without invoking the aid of Parliament. Some of them are quite simple and almost obvious. Only the other day when, strange to relate, it was perfectly fine and the roads were absolutely dry, I saw a saloon car turn out of Piccadilly into Berkeley Street and the windscreen had been rendered opaque by deposits of mud. The only vision which the driver had was through that portion of the glass which had been wiped clean by the wiper. Surely, some alert policeman could have stopped that car, as driving with those conditions prevailing is definitely dangerous. In the same way, practically every day of my life I see cars being driven along the roads with the windscreen almost as opaque as a board due to the safety glass blistering. If the windscreen is not in this state then the back light in the saloon is; the former, of course, is the more dangerous of the two but in either case action should be taken to end cars being driven in such a condition.

A MIX-UP AT MAIDENHEAD: The various means of transport which are at present being used in the flooded streets of Maidenhead, where the rising of the Thames has created enormous difficulties for the town-folk

During the week before Christmas I did quite a lot of travelling in London in taxicabs, and those who had to shop during that week will remember that the density of traffic was terrific. As a matter of fact a taxi was scarcely any quicker than a journey on foot, but it did give the tired shopper, like myself, a rest which was badly needed. It amazed me to find that time after time the driver of my taxi, in order to let me down at a certain shop, would leave his stream of traffic and endeavour to cross the road so that I might get out right opposite the door of the shop. This manœuvre he would carry out when the other half of the road was completely blocked with traffic that was stationary. The taxi driver would turn his cab straight at the mass of vehicles with no hope of getting even his radiator into the opposing stream, which meant he held up most of the traffic behind him and then when he did manage to push his way into the opposing stream, half the traffic on that side of the street had to pull up until he could get right across. I must say that taxi-drivers seem to be far more polite to each other than one of them would be to a private motorist, but even with give and take thus displayed, such selfish manœuvres, particularly in busy times, should be made illegal. From other observations it seems to me that a taxi-driver is given far too much freedom, and much of the traffic congestion in London is, as a result, caused by hundreds of empty taxi-cabs parading slowly down the streets looking for fares. Between half-past ten and half-past eleven at night it is very difficult to get down the busy streets of the West End of London, without being held up at various points by strings of these wandering cabs.

An example of the manner in which car and van manufacture directly provides work for the railways is reflected in the growth of the Morris Cowley station at Oxford. I have been told that seven years ago the total traffic was handled by the stationmaster and one clerk; to-day there is a staff of twelve clerks handling goods traffic alone. More cars, it is stated, are handled at Cowley than at any other station in England, and the increase of traffic has been greater at Cowley than at any other station on the whole G.W.R. system. As many as 100 Morris cars have been handled in one day. A large percentage of the vehicles is destined for overseas use, and special trains are run to the docks, but cars for home use are also delivered by train to distant parts of England, Scotland, and Wales.

What is believed to be the largest neon sign in this country has been undergoing its trial run this week at Dagenham, Essex. It has now been pronounced O. K. and henceforward will provide a new and amazing landmark dominating a large area of industrial Thames-side. 169 ft. long, it forms the name "Ford" in letters of light 60 ft. high. Men working on the sign look no larger than flies. It is erected 60 ft from the ground on the side of the huge power house, built to provide electric current for the Ford Estate, and its size and position facing the river give it remarkable prominence.

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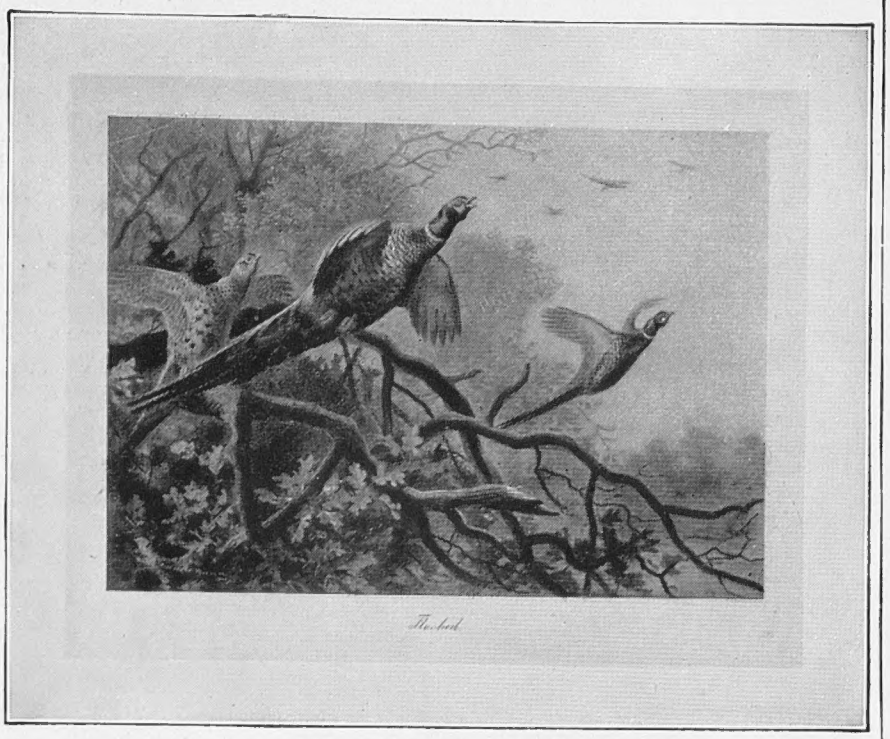

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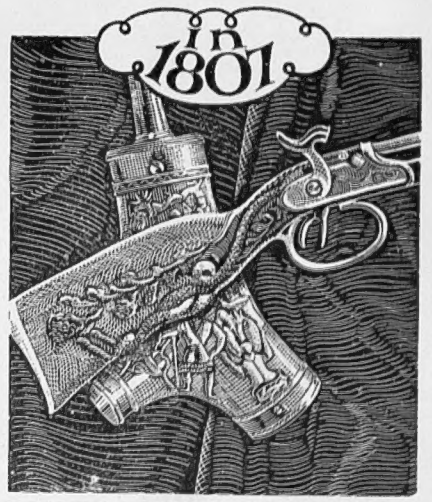

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39c

1936 AT THE B.B.C.

(Continued from p. 59)

(6) "Henry Hall's Hour" every other Saturday.

(7) More dance music but shorter programmes by each individual band.

(8) Monthly revues with Nelson Keys.

(9) Serial thrillers every week in the "Saturday Magazine" programme.

(10) Many popular concert party shows, including Greatrex Newman's "Fol-de-Rols," "Sandy Powell's Road Show," and "Stanelli's Party."

(11) Many vaudeville shows in the form of "Music Hall," "Variety of Music," and "Radio Variety."

Incidentally, the January 1936 programmes alone require 550 hours of rehearsal, handled by eight producers and their four assistants, three conductors, three accompanists, and one gag-writer.

Outstanding international musicians engaged in programmes already for 1936 include Borgioli, Dohnanyi, The Lener String Quartet, Suggia, Oscar Fried, Kabasta, and Thibaud. These and all similar visiting artists are more appropriately described as international rather than foreign, as they are engaged only if they have achieved international reputation. Toscanini will also conduct six concerts.

Apart from these celebrities the policy will be developed of building up British artists. You can expect to hear much more of Eileen Joyce, Helen Perkin, and Clifford Curzon, for example.

The contemporary music broadcasts will become more pioneer, in fact almost futuristic. Take, for example, the new English oratorio called "Jonah," by Lennox Berkeley, or "The Downfall through Conceit of Wagadu." This is an oratorio based on African primitive music by Vladimir Vogel, the orchestra for which will contain no fewer than five saxophones.

On the drama side you will hear (if you listen) a play by C. K. Munro provisionally named *Ding and Company*, *Coriolanus*, *Henry VIII*, a play called *Mary at Lochleven* by Horton Giddy, *The High Road*, *The Dreaming Man*, our old friend *The Voysey Inheritance*, *Broadway*, and *Twenty Years After*.

Altogether, it looks as though the B.B.C. is forestalling almost every possible criticism which is likely to come from the Ullswater Committee.

MARY TUDOR'S TEAR-STAINED PRAYER-BOOK

(Continued from p. 60)

The pages of this book bear the marks of constant use and are covered with an almost illegible, straggling writing, with the letters running into each other and shaped rather like the modern German caligraphy. There are prayers here for every day of the week and for every occasion. On page 3 we find an inscription in a smaller and much finer hand "Queen Marie's Prayer for every morning." On page 13 there is a prayer for the night. On page 20 a long prayer in almost copper plate writing, inscribed "A Devout Prayer of contemplation of the Passion of Christ for any that laboureth under the Weight of the Cross or be afflicted in any way."

But there is one prayer which seems to have been used more often than any other, for, if one holds the little book loosely in one's hands, it falls open of itself at page 15, on which there is a woman's prayer for safe delivery in childbirth. This page is more worn than any of the others, giving one an irrefutable insight into the agony and despair of the Queen's mind.

Even in the first few weeks of her marriage to Philip of Spain she must have known that he wearied of her and of England. Her starved, lonely heart was given to this pale young man with the cold inscrutable eyes, the knobbly forehead, and protruding lip, but she knew that her only hope of holding him by her side lay in the birth of a child. When the first radiantly happy expectations proved themselves to be only delusions, even when the elaborate preparations, the cradles and the rockers, all had to be abandoned, she still clung agonisingly, desperately to her forlorn hope, determined that the doctors were deceiving her, trying to convince herself that the child she desired so passionately would yet be hers, hoping that the man who refused to recognise his obligations as a husband would be forced to recognise those of a father and would stay by her side.

Meriel Buchanan

CONTINUATIONS

ASTRID, THE UNFORGETTABLE

(Continued from p. 46)

which the Duke and Duchess of York crossed, is passing into legend as the last time Brussels was to see Astrid in her remarkable majesty, in which respect I shall quote this, referring to her last appearance in London: "Tall, her head, with its perfectly-dressed hair, held high, and her lovely brocaded gown falling into graceful folds about her slender figure, her progress across the ball-room was a revelation. She was an outstanding figure in that huge, brilliantly-lighted room."

Of that last Brussels ball in English surroundings, Astrid was to say: "Yes, it is so lovely to-night. One comes because it is a duty, and one perceives it to be a joy."

That ball seemed as the presage of a revived pageantry and sparkle in Belgium such as the Court had not known this century—indeed, had never known. So is Astrid missed. But she is missed everywhere. Belgians realise, as perhaps no people have done, what it means to be without a queen. All they have now are pictures in every home, and the example bequeathed, which cannot be better given than by again quoting Count Sforza: "Her every gesture and smile seemed to say, 'I am happy; what can I do to make others happy and to banish as much suffering as possible?'"

Enhanced by the gift of instant sympathy, Astrid is missed more than any queen has been in those accepted places: hospital wards and crèches, relief centres and slums. For it was known that she did things herself in the way of organisation and inspiration. She was just beginning to visit Belgium's black areas when the end came. She had already trudged through the snow and slush for days in the Courtrai country and was preparing to visit the "Red" mining area of the Borinage, round Mons. The Government was objecting, on the ground that the visit might reflect on its policy, but Astrid meant to face things, somehow, in that extreme neighbourhood. Had she not launched a national succour fund for these miners, and were not money, clothing, gifts of food of every kind, pouring in? And this was to be but a beginning . . .

Astrid meant to help Belgium; she knew she could do it, and the Belgians knew that they needed her. They know it more than ever these times of goodwill on earth and New Year's resolutions. "We were so used to her graceful figure here in the streets of Brussels," said my waitress, one day. "Her wave of the hand, her easy, swinging walk, her orchid. What luck it was to have her! Spirit, too! When they said she shouldn't push the perambulator here, she went off to the seaside and pushed it there!"

"The Queen will assist me," said King Leopold, in taking the oath the day after his father's funeral. The Queen sat near-by in black, her children at her feet. The packed Senate Chamber turned as one towards her, even could not forbear to cheer.

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There is still time to obtain tickets for the Bridge Tournament at the Dorchester Hotel on Wednesday, January 15, from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m., in aid of the above Society. Viscountess Curzon will present the many valuable prizes which have been kindly presented to the Society, one prize, for instance, being a week-end trip to Paris for two, kindly presented by Messrs. Pickford's Travel Service. By taking tickets you and your friends will not only spend a really enjoyable afternoon, but will be helping to maintain the 1,100 poor boys and girls in the Society's Homes and Training Ship. Tickets at £2 2s. per table of four, including tea, may be obtained from Lieut.-Commander Heathfield, R.N. (Retd.), 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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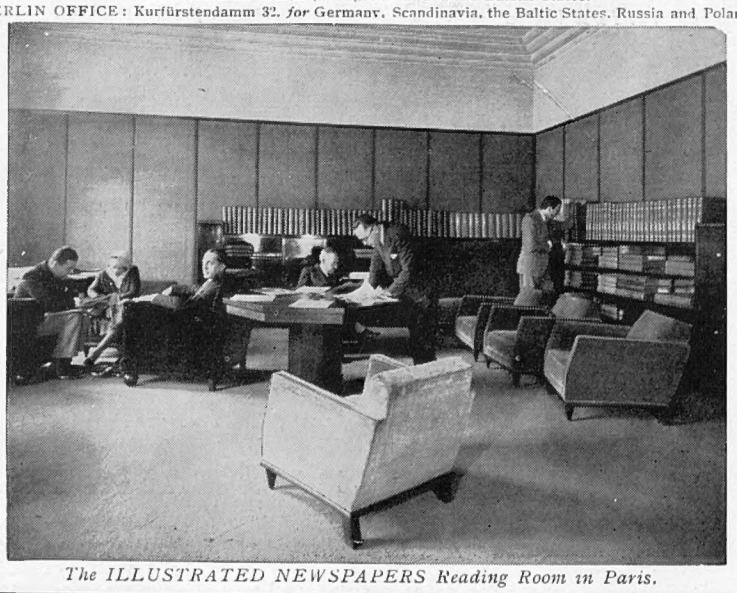

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of cover)

S., Cheshire (Algiers).—The return 1st class fare from London to Algiers, via Dover, Calais, Paris, and Marseilles, is £30 17s. 3d., with a supplement of 15s. 5d. for crossing the Mediterranean both ways in the *Ville d'Alger*. You could leave London at 11 a.m., arriving in Paris at 6.13 p.m., leaving by the 9.15 p.m. boat train for Marseilles, the supplement for the 1st class sleeper between Paris and Marseilles being £3 6s. 8d. The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique's new boat, the *Ville d'Alger*, makes the crossing between Marseilles and Algiers in 20½ hours, leaving Marseilles every Tuesday and Saturday at 10.30 a.m. The leading hotel in Algiers is the Aletti, which is a first-clsss hotel with every comfort. The Hotel St. George in the European suburb of Mustapha Supérieur is also very good. The winter climate of Algiers is delightful, the average temperature then being 54° Fah.

T., Co. Dublin (Ceylon).—The Galle Face Hotel and the Grand Hotel Oriental in Colombo are both excellent. However as you require accommodation at about 10s. per day we recommend either the Highcliffe Hall Boarding House, Turret Road, Colpetty, or Isabel Court, Colpetty, both of which are most comfortable, being situated in the pleasant suburb of Colpetty. The 2nd class return winter fare from London to Colombo is £74, there being a small supplement payable by passengers wishing to return from Colombo by sailings after February 14. The *Naldera*, carrying 1st and 2nd class passengers, leaves London on February 14, arriving in Colombo on March 7, calling en route at Marseilles, Malta, Port Said, and Aden.

W., Herts. (St. Leonards).—The Adelphi Hotel, Warrior Square, would suit your requirements, for though it is not actually on the sea front it is but one minute's walk from it. The hotel has an electric lift and hot and cold water in the bedrooms, terms ranging from £3 13s. 6d. per week.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

H., Somerset (South America).—The Blue Star Line are quoting a special return fare to Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires of £81 to the former and £92 to the latter, or £94 inclusive of sixteen days' hotel accommodation in Rio de Janeiro and £98 inclusive of six days' accommodation in Buenos Aires. The ships carry first-class passengers only, all of whom are accommodated in outside rooms. There are no shore excursions organised, but all information regarding local sightseeing can be obtained from the Blue Star Line offices in the different ports, and you will find plenty to interest you both in Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires. The *Andalucia Star* leaves London on February 18, arriving back on March 26, calls being made at Lisbon, Madeira, Teneriffe, Pernambuco, Santos, and Montevideo. There are subsequent sailings on February 29 and March 21.

S., Cumberland (Bermuda).—The return first class fare from England to Bermuda by Fyffes Line is £50 minimum, the *Bayano* leaving Swansea on February 11, arriving in Bermuda on February 22. There is a homeward sailing from Bermuda on March 4, arriving at Southampton on March 15. The average temperature of Bermuda during February and March is 64·2 Fah. Light clothing should be taken together with a warm wrap for evening wear. You will find facilities for fishing, tennis, and golf in Bermuda there being no fewer than seven golf courses.

B., Staffs. (Portugal).—Estoril enjoys a fashionable and popular winter season, the average temperature then being 55° Fah., the climate being sunny and bracing. The amenities include a golf course, tennis courts, a casino, and a good beach, the town itself being most attractive and well laid out, with a good service of electric trains to Lisbon, the journey taking thirty minutes. The leading hotel in Estoril is the Palacio, which is of the de luxe class. It is possible to travel overland to Estoril, though the journey by sea is less expensive. The return 1st class fare from London to Lisbon via Dover, Paris, Bordeaux, and Salamanca is £24 13s. 7d., the supplement for the 1st class sleeper from Paris to Lisbon by the Sud Express being £6 11s. 11d. As the Sud Express leaves Paris at 11.30 a.m. daily, you would have to spend the night in Paris.

L., Jersey (Cyprus).—The best time to visit Cyprus is from early October to the middle of May, the climate of the winter being healthy and invigorating. You would find the climate of the plains much too hot and trying in summer, and most people spend those months at one or another of the hill resorts. For a winter visit clothing suitable for the English winter should be taken, though if you are staying well on into the spring you will also require summer clothing. Hotel accommodation is moderately comfortable and reasonable in price, the best hotels in Nicosia charging 8s. or 9s. per day. A useful book is the *Handbook of Cyprus*, which can be obtained from the Trade Commissioner for Cyprus, 1, Queen Anne's Chambers, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1.

P., Notts. (Czechoslovakia).—The address of the Czechoslovak Travel Bureau is 21, Regent Street, London, S.W.1. The Bureau does not make any charge for supplying information and leaflets on travel, and you will find the staff there most helpful in every way. There are good facilities for winter sports in Czechoslovakia, particularly at resorts such as Strbské Pleso in the Carpathians and Janské Lázne in the Giant Mountains.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

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